Barnabæ Itinerarium

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238 b 34

Drunken BARNABY's *Four Journeys* TO THE NORTH of ENGLAND.

In Latin and Engliſh Metre.

Wittily and merrily (tho' an Hundred Years ago) compos'd; found among ſome old muſty Books that had lain a long time by in a Corner, and now at laſt made publick.

Together with

BESSY BELL.

Hic eſt quem quæris, ille quem requiris,
Toto notus in Orbe Britannus. Mart.
Barnabas *Ebrius.*

The Third Edition, illuſtrated with ſeveral New Copper Cuts.

LONDON
Printed for *S. Illidge*, under *Serle*'s Gate
Lincolns-Inn New-Square. 1723.

GR. III.
HR. MUS.

THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

IT *will not, I hope, be thought Unneceſſary, if I lay before the* Reader *my Reaſon for republiſhing this facetious little Book, after a deliteſcency of near*

To the Reader.

a Hundred Years. Being desir'd by a Gentlewoman *to look over a Parcel of Old Books, among 'em I chanc'd upon* Drunken Barnaby; *which reading gave me Satisfaction for my Trouble; whereupon I took a Resolution to publish it, that others might therewith be pleas'd as well as my self. What I can gather of the* Author *is chiefly from himself; for he says, Coming to a Place call'd* Harrington, *he was well pleas'd with the Omen, and spent some Money there for* Name *sake, so that I conclude his Name was* Barnaby Harrington. *He further says, that after a tedious Journey of about Six Miles a Day, and sometimes Three or Four,*

To the Reader.

Four, (very weary, and heavy la-
en) he at laſt arriv'd at Apulby
in Weſtmoreland, *where he was*
born, and where, if I miſtake not,
there are ſome Remains of the
Family ſtill living. That he was
a Graduate in Queen's College,
Oxon, *is plain, but I have not had*
an Opportunity of knowing what
Degrees he took. 'Tis the Man,
no doubt, of whom the Song ſays,

Hey *Barnaby!* take't for a Warning, &c.

He ſays, he afterwards (after four
Journeys backward and forward)
married in the Country, turn'd
Farmer, and frequented the Horſe-
Fairs all round the Country, buy-

ing

To the Reader.

ing Horſes when cheap, and (lik
a true Jockey) ſelling them whe
dear, upon which he is very plea
ſant. I thought fit to ſay thu
much, and more I have not, onl
wiſh the Reader *pleas'd, as*
was.

Editor

Editor Lectori.

QUUM primum reperi libellum hunc lepidiſſimum legendo gaudebam, quod & tu facies cum legeris nullus dubito. Editum inveni abſq; æra, abſq; nominè vel Authoris, vel Bibliopolæ, vel Typographi, aut ullo alio indicio poſſeſſorem ullum indicante, ergo ſtatui mei juris eſſe, inq; lucem emiſi. De Authore quod certum eſt ſubjiciam:

Editor Lectori.

Ab amico meo doctiſſimo nunc præſule intellexi Authorem *Barnabam Harrington* fuiſſe ante multos annos (forte nonaginta aut centum) vel Socium, vel Artium Magiſtrum, aut ſaltem Membrum Collegii Reginenſis apud *Oxonienſes*, quod innuit etiam Authore ſæpius. Natus erat, ut ait ipſe, Aballabæ Weſtmarorum inter Septentriones ex antiqua ſtirpe, prole ibi adhuc manente. Hic eſt famoſiſſimus ille de quo decantatum illud & tritum apud vulgus cantillatur,

Hey Barnaby! *take't for a Warning,*
Be no more drunk nor dry in a Morning.

De Libro nulla eſt neceſſitas addendi quidquam, facile perleges, & perlecto Judicabis. De Verſu, de

de Metro, de Erroribus neq; eſt quod addam, ipſe enim Autor ſatis ludicre in Errata libro præfixa ſeipſum vindicavit, quum ait,

Quid ſi ſedem muto ſede?
Quid ſi Carmen claudo pede?
Quid ſi noctem ſenſi diem?
Quid ſi veprem eſſe viam?
Sat eſt, Verbum declinavi,
" *Titubo, titubas, titubavi.*

Vale & ride affatim, Lector.

Loyal PHEANDER TO HIS Royal ALEXANDER.

THE Title, Noble Friend, of *Ale-xander*,
Were it nought elſe, implies a great *Commander*:
And ſo you ſhall be ſtill of me and mine,
With *Barnaby* couch'd in a reeling Rhime:
Nor wonder, Friend, if his Dimenſions reel,
Whoſe *Head* makes ſuch Iambicks with his *Heel*.

Lately

Lately Publiſh'd,

AN Appendix to the *Hiſtory of Scotland*; containing, I. A Detection of the *Actions* of *Mary* Queen of *Scots*, concerning the Murder of her Husband, and her Conſpiracy, Adultery, and pretended Marriage with Earl *Bothwel*, and a Defence of the *True Lords*, Maintainers of the King's Majeſty's Action and Authority. II. *De Jure Regni* apud *Scotos*; or, A Diſcourſe concerning the due Privilege of Government in the Kingdom of *Scotland*. By *George Buchanan*, Author of the ſaid *Hiſtory*. To which is added, The Genealogy of all the Kings of *Scotland*, from *Fergus* the firſt, who began to Reign in the Year of the World, 3641. before the Coming of our Saviour Jeſus Chriſt 330 Years, to the Reign of *James* the ſixth of that Name, King of *Scots*, and the firſt of *England*. With the Oaths of a Duke, Earl, Lord of Parliament, and Knight of *Scotland*.

†‡† Britiſh Curioſities in Art and Nature; giving an Account of *Rarities both Ancient and Modern, viz.* Monuments, Monaſteries, Walls, Roman Camps, Garriſons, Highways, Coins, Altars, Urns, Pavements of *Moſaic* Work, Temples, Churches, Bridges, Kings Palaces, Gentlemens Seats, Painting, Gardens, Statues, Fountains, Rivers, Lakes, Abyſſes, Caverns, Rocks, Hills, Plants, Shrubs, Flowers, Birds, Beaſts, Fiſh, Fowl, Shells, Learning and Learned Men, unuſual Cuſtoms of Places, with whatever elſe is worthy obſerving, either by Foreigners or our own Countrymen that are inclin'd to go Abroad. Likewiſe an Account of the *Poſts*, *Markets*, and *Fair-Towns*. To which is added, A very uſeful Scheme, containing a brief Account of the State of each County in *England* at one View, curiouſly engrav'd, and printed on a Sheet, to fold up or put in a Frame. Both printed for, and ſold by *S. Illidge*, under *Serle*'s Gate in *Lincolns-Inn New-Square*.

BARNABÆ

ITINERARIUM,

Mirtili & Fauſtuli

Nominibus inſignitum:

Viatoris Solatio nuperrimè editum, aptiſſimis numeris redactum, veterique Tono BARNABÆ publicè decantatum.

Authore *Corymbæo*.

LONDINI

Impenſis ab Anno 1723.

BARNABY's
JOURNAL,

Under the Names of

Mirtilus and *Fauſtulus*

Shadow'd:

For the Traveller's Solace lately publiſh'd, to moſt apt Numbers reduc'd, and to the old Tune of BARNABY commonly chanted.

By *Corymbæus*.

LONDON

Printed in the Year 1723.

In ERRATA.

LEctor, *ne mireris illa,*
Villam ſi mutavi villa,
Si regreſſum feci metro,
Retro ante, ante retro
Inſerendo, " *ut præpono*
Godmancheſter Harringtono.
Quid ſi breves *fiant* longi ?
Si vocales *ſint* diphthongi ?
Quid ſi graves *ſint* acuti ?
Si accentus *fiant* muti ?
Quid ſi placide, plene, plane,
Fregi frontem Priſciani ?
Quid ſi ſedem muto ſede ?
Quid ſi Carmen claudo pede ?
Quid ſi noctem ſenſi diem ?
Quid ſi veprem eſſe viam ?
Sat eſt, Verbum declinavi,
" Titubo, titubas, titubavi.

AD

Upon the ERRATA's.

Reader, think no Wonder by it,
If with Town I've Town ſupplied;
If my Metre's backward Nature
Set before what ſhou'd be later:
" As for inſtance is expreſt there,
Harrington after *Godmancheſter*.
What tho' *Breve's* be made *Longo's*,
What tho' *Vowels* be *Diphthongo's*?
What tho' *Graves* become *Acute* too?
What tho' *Accents* become *mute* too?
What tho' freely, fully, plainly,
I've broke *Priſcian*'s Forehead mainly?
What tho' Seat with Seat I've ſtrained?
What tho' my limp Verſe be maimed?
What tho' Night I've ta'en for Day too?
What tho' I've made Briers my Way too?
Know ye, I've declin'd moſt bravely,
" *Titubo, tituba, titubavi.*

TO

AD

VIATOREM.

OPpida *dum peragras, peragrando Poemata ſpectes,*
Spectando titubes, Barnabe, *nomen habes.*

AD

TO THE TRAVELLER.

TOwns while thou walk'ſt
And ſee'ſt this Poetry,
And ſeeing, ſtumbleſt,
Thou art BARNABY.

TO

AD

TRANSLATOREM.

PEssimus est Cerdo, qui transtulit ordine calvo,
Non res sed voces percutiendo leves,
Ast hic Translator *corii peramabilis Actor,*
Quirythmo pollens fit ratione satur.

In-

TO THE TRANSLATOR.

THat paltry Patcher is
a bold Tranſlator,
Whoſe *Awl* bores at the *Words*
but not the *Matter* :
But *this Tranſlator* makes
good Uſe of Leather,
By ſtitching *Rhyme* and *Reaſon*
both together.

In-

Index Operis.

MUlciber, Uva, Venus, *redolens* ampulla, Silenus,

Effigiem titulis explicuere ſuis.

Sic me Parnaſſi *Deſerta per ardua dulcis*

Raptat amor——

Bar-

The INDEX *of this Work.*

VULCAN, Grape, *Venus*,
Bottle, *Silen*'s Hook,
Have all explained
The Title of this Book.

Thus through vaſt Deſarts,
Promontories wild,
Parnaſſus Love draws
Bacchus only Child.

Barnabæ Harringtoni

Et nunc & dudum decantati

ITINERARIUM

Boream quater retroverſus.

Pars Prima.

Mirtillus & *Fauſtulus* Interlocutores.

Mirtil.

O Fauſtule! *tende palmam,*
Accipe calicem vitibus almam;
Tunc vinctus es dolore?
Uvæ tinctus ſis colore.
Sperne opes, ſperne dapes,
Merge curas, rectè ſapis.

O Fau-

J. Clark Sculp.

The Famous

Barnaby Harrington's

TRAVELS to the North,

four times backward and forward.

Part the First.

Mirtillus and *Fauſtulus*, a Dialogue.

Mirtil.

O Little *Fauſtus!* ſtretch thy Hand out,
Take thy Liquor, do not ſtand out;
Art thou 'preſt with griping Dolour?
Let rich Wine advance thy Colour.
Bread's a Binder, Wealth's a Miſer,
Drink down Care, and thou'lt be wiſer.

O Fauſtule, *dic amico*
Quo in loco, quo in vico,
Sive campo, ſive tecto,
Sine linteo, ſine lecto,
Propinaſti, queis tabernis,
An in Terris, an Avernis?

Fauſtul.

O Mirtille! *baculum fixi*
Mille locis ubi vixi,
In piſtrinis, in popinis,
In Coquinis, in Culinis,
Huc, & illuc, iſtic, ibi,
Hauſi potus, plus quam cibi.

In progreſſu Boreali,
Ut proceſſi ab Auſtrali,
Veni Banbury, O *profanum!*
Ubi vidi Puritanum,

Felem

Little *Fauſtus*, tell thy true Heart,
In what Region, Coaſt, or new Part;
Field or Fold thou haſt been bouſing,
Without Linen, Bedding, Houſing;
In what Tavern, pray thee ſhow us,
Here on Earth, or elſe below us?

Fauſtus.

O *Mirtillus!* I will ſhew thee
Thouſand Places ſince I ſaw thee,
In the Bakehouſe I had ſwitching,
In the Tap-houſe, Cook-ſhop, Kitchin;
This Way, that Way, each Way ſhrank I,
Little eat I, deeply drank I.

In my Progreſs travelling Northward,
Taking farewel of the Southward,
To *Banbury* came I, O prophane-One!
Where I ſaw a Puritane-One

Felem facientem furem,
Quia Sabbatho ſtravit Murem.

Veni Oxon, *cui comes*
Eſt Minerva, *fons* Platonis ;
Unde ſcatent peramœne
Aganippe, Hippocrene ;
Totum ſit Athenienſe,
Imo Cornu Reginenſe.

Inde Godſtow, *cum Amicis,*
Vidi Tumbam Meretricis ;
Roſamundam *tegit humus,*
Pulvis & umbra corpore ſumus :
Sic qui teget, quæ tegetur,
Ordine certo ſepelietur.

Inde Woodſtock, *quo ſpectandum*
Labyrinthum memorandum
Ferunt ; ſed ſpectare nollem,
Reperi vivam Hoſpitem mollem ;

Gra-

Hanging of his Cat on Monday,
For killing of a Mouſe on Sunday.

To *Oxford* came I, whoſe Companion
Is *Minerva*, Well *Platonian*:
From whoſe Seat do ſtream moſt ſeemly,
Aganippe, *Hippocrene*;
Each thing there's the *Muſe's Minion*,
The Horn at Queens ſpeaks pure *Athenian*.

Thence to *Godſtow*, with my Lovers,
Where a Tomb a Strumpet covers;
Roſamund lies there interr'd,
Fleſh to Duſt and Shades compar'd;
Lie he above, or lie ſhe under,
To be bury'd is no wonder.

Thence to *Woodſtock* I reſorted,
Where a Labyrinth's reported;
No more of that, it is above me,
I found a tender Houſewife that did love me;

Gratior ſociis eſt jocundis,
Mille mortuis Roſamundis.

Veni Brackley, *ubi natus*
Stirpe vili Magiſtratus,
Quem conſpexi reſidentem,
Stramine tectum contegentem,
Et me vocans, "Male agis,
"Bibe minus, ede magis.

Veni Daintree *cum puella,*
Procerum *celebre* duello.
Ibi bibi in Caupona,
Nota muliere bona,
Cum qua vixi ſemper idem,
Donec creta *fregit fidem.*

Veni Leiceſter *ad* Campanam,
Ubi mentem læſi ſanam;
Prima nocte mille modis
Flagellarunt me Cuſtodes,

Pelle

And her Gueſts more ſweetly eyeing,
Than thouſand *Roſamonds* a dying.

From thence to *Brackley*, as did beſeem one,
The May'r I ſaw, a wond'rous mean one,
Sitting, Thatching, and beſtowing
On a Wind-blown Houſe a Strawing;
On me call'd he, and did charm me,
Drink leſs, eat more, I do warn thee.

Thence to *Daintree* with my *Jewel*,
Famous for a *Noble Duel*,
Where I drank, and took my Common
In a Tap-houſe with my Woman:
While I had it, there I paid it,
Till long *chalking* broke my Credit.

Thence I came to th' *Bell* at *Leiceſter*,
Where ſtrong Ale my Brains did peſter;
Firſt Night beſure I was admitted
By the Watchmen I was whipped,

Black

Pelle ſparſi ſunt livores
Meos caſtigare mores.

Veni Gotham, *ubi multos*
Si non omnes vidi ſtultos,
Nam ſcrutando reperi unam
Salientem contra Lunam,
Alteram nitidum puellam
Offerentem Porco ſellam.

Veni * Nottingham, *tyrones*
Sherwoodenſes *ſunt Latrones,*
Inſtar

---

* Mortimeriados morti dos, Gloria Pulvis,
Atria ſunt frondes, Nobilis Aula ſeges.
Nunc gradus Anfractus, Ciſterna fluenta ſpadonis,
Amplexus Vermes, oſcula miſta rogis.

Clamat Tempus edo, vocemque repercutit Echo,
Sed Nunquam redeo, voce Reſurgit ego.

O vos Heroes! attendite fata ſepulchris,
Heroum, patriis qui Rediere thoris!
Non eſtis luti Melioris in orbe Superbis,
Hi Didicere mori, diſcite morte ſequi.

Black and Blue like any Tetter,
Beat I was to make me better.

Thence to *Gotham*, where, ſure am I,
Though not all Fools, I ſaw many;
Here a She-Bull found I prancing,
And in Moon-ſhine nimbly dancing:
There another wanton mad one,
Who her Hog was ſet aſtride on.

Thence to * *Nottingham*, where Rovers,
Highway Riders, *Sherwood* Drovers,

Like

---

* Brave *Mortimer*'s now dead, his Glory Duſt,
His Courts are clad with Graſs, his Hall with Ruſt,
His Stairs ſteep Steps, his Horſe-troughs Ciſterns are,
Worms his Embraces, Kiſſes Aſhes ſhare.

Time cries, *I eat*, and Eccho anſwers it:
But gone, e'er to return, is held unfit.

O Heroes! of theſe Heroes take a view;
They're to their Fathers gone, and ſo muſt you!
Of better Clay you are not than theſe Men,
And they are dead, and you muſt follow them.

Inſtar Robin Hood *& Servi*
Scarlet & Joannis Parvi ;
Paſſim, ſparſim peculantur,
Cellis, Sylvis deprædantur.

Veni Mansfield, *ubi noram*
Mulierculam decoram,
Cum qua nudum feci pactum,
Dedi ictum, egi actum,
Sed pregnantem timens illam,
Sprevi villam & ancillam.

Veni * Overbowles, *ubi* † Dani
Habitarunt tempore Jani ;
Patet oppidanus callis
Circumcirca clauſus vallis,

Caſtris,

---

* Temporibus Jani Sedes fuit ultima † Dani,
Conſpicuis vallis obſita, fixa palis.

Like old *Robin Hood*, and *Scarlet*,
Or like Little *John* his Varlet;
Here and there they ſhew them Doughty,
In Cells and Woods to get their Booty.

Thence to *Manſfield*, where I knew one,
That was a comely and a true one,
With her a naked Compact made I,
Her long lov'd I, with her laid I;
Town and her I left both, doubtful
Leſt my Love had made her fruitful.

Thence to * *Overbowles*, where † *Danus*
Dwelt with's *Danes* in time of *Janus*;
Way to th' Town is well diſpos'd,
All about with Trenches cloſ'd;

Palliſa-

---

* In *Janus* time was † *Danus* ſeated here,
As by their Pales and Trenches may appear.

Caſtris, clauſtris, & ſpeluncis
Tectus cæcis, tectus juncis.
Sacra die eò veni,
Ædes Sanctæ erant plenæ,
Quorum percitus exemplo,
Quia Hoſpes erat Templo,
Intrans vidi Sacerdotem,
Igne fatuo *poculis notum.*

Glires erant incolæ villæ,
Iſte clamat, dormiunt illi;
Ipſe tamen vixit ita,
Si non corde, veſte trita;
Fortem præ ſe ferens geſtum,
Fregit pedibus * *Suggeſtum.*
Qua Occaſione nacta
Tota grex † *expurgefacta,*

Sacer-

---

* Fragmina ſuggeſti ſacrarunt fercula feſti.
Lucret.

† O cives, cives, Sacris attendite rivis,
Præceptor legerit, vos vero negligitis.

Palliſadoes hid with Buſhes,
Rampires overgrown with Ruſhes.
On a Feaſt-day I came thither,
When Good People flock'd together,
Where (induc'd by Hoſt's example)
I repair'd unto the Temple,
Where I heard the Preacher gravely,
With his red Noſe tipt moſt bravely.

Dormice-like the People ſeem'd,
Though he cry'd, they ſleeping dream'd;
For his Life, tho' there was harm in't,
Heart was leſs rent than his Garment:
With his Feet he did ſo thunder,
That the * Pulpit fell aſunder.
Which Occaſion having gotten
All † awake, the Pulpit broken,

While

---

* The fragments of which Pulpit they were pleas'd
To ſacrifice to th'Aſhes of their Feaſt. *Lucret.*

† Pray you, good Townſmen, ſacred Springs affect,
Let not your Preacher *read*, and you *neglect*.

Sacerdote derelicto,
Tabulis fractis graviter icto,
Pranſum redeunt, unus horum,
Plebem ſequor non Paſtorem.

Veni Clowne, *ubi vellem*
Pro liquore dare pellem,
Ibi cerebro inani
Vidi Conjugem Vulcani,
Quæ me Hoſpitem tractat bene
Donec reſtat nil crumenæ.

Veni Rothram *uſque* Taurum,
Et reliqui ibi Aurum,
Diu ſteti, ſed in pontem
Titubando fregi frontem,
Quo pudore pulſus, docte
Clam putabam ire nocte.

Veni Doncaſter, *ubi ſitam*
Vidi levem & Levitam,

Quæ

While the Preacher lay ſore wounded,
With more Boards than Beards ſurrounded;
All to Dinner, who might faſter,
So among them I left Paſtor.

Thence to *Clowne* I came the quicker,
Where I'd given my Skin for Liquor;
None was there to entertain us,
But a Nogging of *Vulcanus*;
Who afford's me Welcome plenty,
Till my Seam-rent Purſe was empty.

Thence to th' *Bull* at *Rothram* came I,
Where my Gold, if I had any,
Left I, long I ſtoutly roared,
Till on Bridge I broke my Forehead,
Whence aſham'd, while Forehead ſmarted,
I by Night-time thence departed.

Thence to *Donc'ſter*, who'll believe it?
Both a *Light-one* and a *Levite*

Quæ vieta & vetuſta,
Parum pulchra aut venuſta,
Cupit tamen penetrari,
Pingi, pungi, oſculari.

Veni * Aberford, *ubi notum*
Quod aciculis emunt potum,
Pauperes ſunt & indigentes,
Multum tamen ſitientes;
Parum habent, nec habentur
Ulla, quæ non tenet venter.

Veni

---

* Eo tempore, quo in hoc pauperiore Vico hoſpitium ſuſcepimus quidam Acicularius, è grege præ cæteris, fama egregius, aciculari pulvere ſuffocatus interiit; in cujus memoriam hoc inſcriptum comperimus Epitaphium:

——— O Mors crudelis!
Quæ tuis telis
Artificem ſtraviſti
Qui meliorem
Eraſit pulverem
Quam tu de eo feciſti.

There I view'd; too, too aged,
Yet to love ſo far engaged,
That on Earth ſhe only wiſhed
To be painted, pricked, kiſſed.

Thence to * *Aberford*, whoſe Beginning
Came from buying Drink with Pinning:
Poor they are, and very needy,
Yet of Liquor very greedy:
Had they never ſo much Plenty,
Belly'd make their Purſes empty.

* At ſuch time as we ſojourn'd in this poor Village, it chanc'd that a certain Pinner, and of the choiceſt of all his Flock, being choak'd with Pin-duſt, dy'd; to whoſe Memory we find this Epitaph recorded:

—— O cruel Death!
To rob this Man of Breath,
Who, while he liv'd, in ſcraping of a Pin,
Made better Duſt than thou haſt made of him.

Veni * Wetherb, *ubi viſam*
Clari Ducis meretricem,
Amplexurus, porta ſtrepit,
Et ſtrependo Dux me cepit;
Ut me cepit, aurem vellit,
Et præcipitem foris pellit.

Hinc diverſo curſu, ſero
Quod audiſſem de Pindero
Wakefeeldenſi, *gloria Mundi,*
Ubi ſocii ſunt jucundi,
Mecum ſtatui peragrare
Georgii *fuſtem viſitare.*

Veni Wakefeeld *peramœnum,*
Ubi quærens Georgium Grenum,
Non inveni, ſed in lignum
Fixum reperi Georgii *ſignum,*

Ubi

* In Corneolo Angiportu,
Subamœniore Hortu
Speciosa manet ſcorta,
Meretricia Procans ſporta.

Thence to * *Wetherb*, where an apt one
To be *Punk* unto a Captain
I embrac'd, as I had got it,
But Door creak'd, and Captain ſmoak'd it:
Took me by th'Ears, and ſo drew me,
Till head-long down Stairs he threw me.

Turning thence, none cou'd me hinder
To ſalute the *Wakefield Pindar*;
Who indeed is the World's Glory,
With his *Comrades* never ſorry.
This was the Cauſe, leſt you ſhould miſs it,
George's Club I meant to viſit.

Strait at *Wakefield* I was ſeen a,
Where I ſought for *George à Green* a;
But cou'd find not ſuch a Creature,
Yet on a Sign I ſaw his Feature;

* Near *Horn-Alley*, in a Garden,
A Wench more wanton than *Kate Arden*
Sojourns, one that ſcorns a Waſt-coat,
Wooing Clients with her Basket.

Ubi allam bibi feram,
Donec Georgio *fortior eram.*

Veni Bradford, *ceſſi foris*
In Familiam Amoris,
Amant iſtæ & amantur,
Creſcunt & multiplicantur,
Spiritus inſtructi armis,
Nocte colunt operâ carnis.

Veni Kighley, *ubi montes*
Minitantes, vivi fontes,
Ardui colles, aridæ valles,
Læti tamen ſunt Sodales,
Feſtivantes & jucundi,
Ac ſi Domini eſſent Mundi.

Veni Giggleſwick, *parum frugis*
Profert tellus clauſa jugis;

Ibi

Where Strength of Ale had ſo much ſtir'd me,
That I grew ſtouter far than *Jordie*.

Thence to *Bradford*, where I enter'd,
In Family where Love oft center'd:
They love, are lov'd, and make no Shew,
Yet ſtill grow, and do encreaſe too:
Furniſh'd with their ſpritely Weapons;
She-fleſh feels Prieſts are no Capons.

Thence to *Kighley*, where are Mountains
Steepy-threatning, lively Fountains;
Riſing Hills, and barren Vallies,
Yet *Bon-Socio*'s and good Fellows;
Jovial, jocund, jolly Bowlers,
As they were the World's Controulers.

Thence to *Giggleſwick* moſt ſteril,
Hemm'd with Rocks and Shelves of Peril:

Ibi * *vena prope viæ*
Fluit, refluit, nocte, die,
Neque nôrunt unde vena,
An à ſale vel arena,

Veni Clapham, *unus horum*
Qui accivit voce forum,
Prima hora ut me viſit,
Mihi Halecem promiſit;
Halecem mihi, calicem ei,
Pignus in amorũ mei.

Veni † Ingleton, *ubi degi*
Donec Fabri caput fregi,
Quo peracto, in me ruunt
Mulieres, ſaxa pluunt,

Quen

---

* E gremio collis ſaliens ſcatet unda perennis,
Quæ fluit & refluit, nil tamen æſtus habet.

† Pirgus ineſt fano, fanum ſub acumine Collis,
Collis ab clatis actus & auctus Aquis.

Near to th'Way as a Traveller goes,
A freſh * Spring both ebbs and flows:
Neither know the Learn'd that travel,
What procures it, *Salt* or *Gravel.*

Thence to *Clapham*, drawing nigher,
He that was the common Cryer:
☞To a Breakfaſt of one Herring
Did invite me firſt appearing.
Herring he, I Drink beſtow'd,
Pledges of the Love we ow'd,

Thence to † *Ingleton*, where I liv'd
Till I brake a Blackſmith's Head,
Which done, Women ruſh'd in on me,
Stones like Hail ſhower'd down upon me:

Whence

---

* Near th' bottom of this Hill, cloſe by the Way,
A freſh Spring ebbs and flows all hours o'th' day.

† The Poor-man's Box is in the Temple ſet,
Church under Hill, the Hill by Waters bet.

Queis perculſus, timens lædi,
His poſteriora dedi.

Veni Loneſdale, *ubi cernam*
Aulam factam in Tabernam;
Nitidæ portæ, nivei muri,
Cyathi pleni, paucæ curæ;
Edunt, bibunt, ludunt, rident,
Cura dignum nihil vident.

Veni Cowbrow, *vaccæ collem,*
Ubi hoſpitem tetigi mollem,
Pingui ventre, læto vultu,
Tremulo curſu, trepido cultu,
Uti bibula titubat Vates,
Donec cecidit ſupra nates.

Veni Natland, *eo ventus,*
Eboraci *qui Contemptus*
Colligit, hoſpitium dedit,
Mecum bibit, mecum edit,

Semi-

Whence aſtoniſh'd fearing harming,
Leave I took, but gave no Warning.

Thence to *Loneſdale*, where I view'd
An Hall, which like a Tavern ſhew'd;
Neat Gates, white Walls, nought was ſparing,
Pots brimfull, no thought of earing:
They eat, drink, laugh, are ſtill Mirth-making,
Nought they ſee that's worth Care taking.

Thence to *Cowbrow*, Truth I'll tell ye,
Mine Hoſteſs had a ſupple Belly,
Body plump, and Count'nance chearful,
Reeling Pace (a Welcome fearful)
Like a drunken Hag ſhe ſtumbled,
Till ſhe on her Buttocks tumbled.

Thence to *Natland*, b'ing come thither,
He who *York*'s Contempts did gather,
Gave me Harbour light as Feather,
We both drank and eat together,

Till

Semipotus, ſicut uſi,
Circa May-pole *plebe luſi.*

Veni Kirkland, *veni* Kendall,
Omnia hauſi, vulgo Spend-all,
Nocte, die, peramicè
Bibi potum miſtum pice.
" *Tege caput, tende manum,*
" *Manu caput fit inſanum.*

Hù relictis, Staveley *vidi,*
Ubi tota Nocte bibi,
Semper lepidus, ſemper lætus,
Inter hilares vixi Cœtus,
Queis jurando ſum manſurus,
Donec Barnabæ *rediturus.*

Finis Partis Primæ.

Till half tipſy, as it chanced.
We about the *May-pole* danced.

Thence to *Kirkland*, thence to *Kendall*,
I did that which Men call *Spend-all*:
Night and Day with Sociats many,
I drank Ale both thick and clammy.
" Shroud thy Head, Boy, ſtretch thy Hand too,
" Hand has done what Head can't ſtand to.

Leaving theſe, to *Staveley* came I,
Where now all Night drinking am I;
Always frolick, free from Yellows,
With a Conſort of good Fellows;
Where I'll ſtay, and end my Journey,
Till Brave *Barnaby* return a.

The End of the Firſt Part.

In Bacchi *Thyrſum* & Barnabæ *Naſum*; EPIGRAMMA:

ALIAS,

Naſutum Dilemma.

HÆdera læta bono non eſt ſuſpenſa falerno;
Thyrſus enim Bacchi, Barnabæ *Naſus erit.*
Non opus eſt Thyrſo, non frondi virent cupreſſi,
Si non Thyrſus erit, Barnabæ *Naſus olet.*

Corollarium.

Non Thyrſus, Thyaſus; Cyathus tibi Thyrſus & Urſus,
Thyrſus quo redoles Urſus ut intus oles.

Upon

Upon Bacchus's *Buſh and* Barnaby's *Noſe*; *an* EPIGRAM:

OR,

The Long-ſnouted Dilemma.

GOod Wine no Buſh doth need, as I ſuppoſe,
Let *Bacchus* Buſh be *Barnaby*'s rich Noſe.
No Buſh, no Garland needs of Cypreſs green,
Barnaby's Noſe may for a Buſh be ſeen.

Corollary.

No Buſh, no Garland; Pot's thy *Buſh* and *Bear*:
Of *Bear* and *Buſh* thou ſmelleſt all the Year.

Bar-

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars II.

Mirtil.

Fauſte (Fauſtule) *rediiſti,*
Narra (*precor*) *quo veniſti,*
Villos, vicos viſitaſti,
Cœtus, Situs peragraſti,
Certe ſcio ab Aquilone,
Multum mali, parvum boni.

Fauſtul.

Barnaby's Journal.

PART II.

Mirtil.

YOung *Fauſte*, happily returned;
Tell me, prithee, where'ſt ſojourned;
What Towns, Villages thou'ſt viewed,
What Seats, Sights, or States were ſhewed:
Sure thou know'ſt the *North*'s uncivil,
Small Good comes thence, but much Evil:

Fauſtul.

Ille ego ſum qui quondam,
Crines, mores, veſtes nondum
Sunt mutatæ, nam receſſi,
Calceamentis queis diſceſſi,
Neque pectine uſus fui,
Sic me meis *juvat frui.*
Sed arrectis auribus audi,
Quid dilexi, quicquid odi,
* *Pontes, Fontes, Montes, Valles,*
Caulas, Cellas, Colles, Calles,
Vias, Villas, Vicos, Vices,
Caſtas, cautas, meretrices.
Decam (quod mirandum) verum,
Non pauperior ſum quam eram,
Uno nec quadrante ditior,
Lautior, lætior, nec fælicior,
Mollior, melior, potior, pejor,
Minus ſanus, magis æger.

Ego

*Anglia, mons, fons, pons, Eccleſia, fœmina, lana.

Fauſtul.

What I was once, ſame I am now,
Hair, Conditions, Garments too;
Yea, there's no Man juſtly doubteth,
Theſe the ſame Shooes I went out with:
And for Comb, I ne'er us'd any,
Leſt I loſt ſome of my Money.
But attend me, and partake it,
What I loved, what I hated,
* Bridges, Fountains, Mountains, Vallies,
Huts, Cells, Hillocks, Highways, Shallows,
Paths, Towns, Villages, and Trenches,
Chaſte, choice, chary, merry Wenches.
Truth I'll tell thee, nothing ſurer,
Richer am not, nor yet poorer;
Gladder, madder, nor more pleaſing,
Blither, brisker, more in Seaſon;
Better, worſer, thinner, thicker,
Neither healthier nor ſicker.

* *England*, amongſt all Nations, is moſt full
Of Hills, Wells, Bridges, Churches, Women, Wool.

Ego enim Mundum totum
Tanti esse quanti potum
Semper duxi: mori mallem
Nobilem quam vitare allam:
" *Sobrius similis apparet Agno,*
" *Ebrius* Alexandro Magno.
Leviore nam Mæandro
Capite capto, sum Lysandro
Multo fortior, & illæsum
Pulto me capturum Rhesum.
Sed ne tibi gravior essem,
Nunc descendam ad Progressum.

Primò occurrit peregranti
* *Oppidum* Joannis Ganti,
Sedes nota & vetusta,
Mendicantibus onusta,

Jani-

---

* Scinditur à clivo Turris, bitumine murus;
Mœnia sic propriis sunt redditura rogis.

For the World, I ſo far prize it,
But for Liquor I'd deſpiſe it:
Thouſand Deaths I'd rather die too,
Than hold Ale mine Enemy too:
"Sober, Lamb-like do I wander,
"Drunk, I'm ſtout as *Alexander.*
When my Head feels its Mæander,
I am ſtronger than *Lyſander*:
Th' Iſle of *Ree*, I little fear it,
Without Wound to win and wear it:
But leſt tedious I expreſs me,
To my *Progreß* I'll addreſs me.

Firſt Place where I firſt was known-a,
Was Brave *John à Gant's* old † Town-a:
A Seat anciently renowned,
But with ſtore of Beggars crowned;

† An ancient Arch doth threaten a decline,
And ſo muſt ſtrongeſt Piles give way to Time.

Janitorem *habens qualem*
Mundus vix oſtendet talem.

Veni Aſhton, *ubi vinum,*
Militem, & Heroinam,
Clarum, charum, & formoſam,
Damam, domum ſpecioſam
Vidi, merſi mero Muſam,
Donec pes amiſit uſum.

Veni Garſtang, *ubi malè*
Intrans forum Beſtiale,
Forte vacillando vico
Huc & illuc cum amico,
In Juvencæ dorſum rui
Cujus cornu læſus fui.

Veni Preſton, *ductus eram*
Ad bacchantem Baniſterum,
Ac ſi una ſtirpe nati,
Fratres fuimus jurati;

Septem

For a *Goaler* ripe and mellow,
The World has not ſuch a Fellow.

Thence to *Aſhton*, good as may be
Was the Wine, brave Knight, bright Lady;
All I ſaw was comely, ſpecious,
Seemly gracious, nearly precious;
My Muſe with *Bacchus* ſo long traded,
When I walk'd, my Legs deny'd it.

Thence to *Garſtang*, pray you hark it,
Ent'ring there a great Beaſt-market;
As I jogged on the Street,
'Twas my Fortune for to meet
A young Heifer, who before her
Took me up, and threw me o'er her.

Thence to *Preſton* I was led-a,
To Brave *Baniſter*'s to Bed-a;
As two born and bred together,
We were preſently ſworn Brether:

Septem dies ibi manſi,
Multum bibi, nunquam pranſi.

Veni Euſton, *ubi hoſpes*
Succi plena, corpore ſoſpes,
Crine ſparſo, vultu blando,
At halitu (proh) nefando,
Qua relicta cum ancillis,
Me ad lectum duxit Phillis.

Veni Wiggan *prope cœnam,*
Ad hoſpitulam obſcœnam;
Votis meis ſit ſecunda,
Ebria fuit & jocunda;
Sparſit anus *intellectum,*
Me relicto, minxit lectum.

Veni Newton in Salictis,
Ubi ludens chartis pictis
Cum puella ſpecioſa,
Cujus nomen erat * Roſa,

* Quam *Roſa* ſpiravit! ſed odoribus *Aquilo* flavit,
Et rugas retulit quas meminiſſe dolet.

Seven Days were there aſſigned,
Oft I ſupt, but never dined.

Thence to *Euſton*, where mine Hoſteſs
Feels as ſoft as any Toaſt is:
Juicy, luſty, Count'nance toothſome,
Braided Hair, but Breath moſt loathſome;
Her I left with Locks of Amber;
Phyllis light me to my Chamber.

Thence to *Wiggan* about Supper,
To an Hoſteſs, none more flutter:
Buxom was ſhe, yet to ſee to,
She'd be drunk for Company too;
Wit this Beldame ſoon did ſcatter,
And in Bed diſtill'd her Water.

Thence to *Newton* in the *Willows*,
Where being boulſter'd up with Pillows,
I at Cards play'd with a Girl,
* *Roſe* by Name, a dainty Pearl:

* Freſh was my *Roſe*, till by a North Wind toſs'd,
She Sap, Scent, Verdure, and her Vigour loſt.

Centi-pede provocavi
Ad amandum quam amavi.

Veni Warrington, *profluentes*
Rivos ripas transeuntes
Spectans, multo satius ratus
Mergi Terris quam in Aquis,
Vixi laute, bibi læte,
Donec aquas signant metæ.

Veni Budworth *usque* Gallum,
Ubi bibi fortem allam,
Sed ebrietate captus,
Ire lectum sum coactus;
Mihi mirus affuit status,
A duobus sum portatus.

Sed amore captas grandi
Visitandi Thomam Gandi,
Holmi *petii* Sacellum,
Ubi conjugem & puellam

Vidi

At Centy-foot I often moved
Her to love me, whom I loved.

Thence to *Warrington*, Banks o'erflowed,
Travellers to the Town were rowed;
Where ſuppoſing it much better
To be drown'd on Land than Water,
Sweetly, neatly I ſojourned
Till that Deluge thence returned.

Thence to th' *Cock* at *Budworth*, where I
Drank ſtrong Ale as brown as Berry;
Till at laſt with deep Healths felled,
To my Bed I was compelled:
I for State was bravely ſorted,
By two Porters well ſupported.

Where no ſooner underſtand I
Of mine honeſt Hoſt *Tom Gandi*,
To *Holm-Chapel* forthwith ſet I,
Maid and Hoſteſs both were pretty,

Vidi pulchras, licet ſero
Has neglexi, merſus mero.

Hinc ad Tauk-a-Hill *perventum,*
Collem valde lutulentum,
Faber mihi bene notus
Mecum bibit donec potus,
Quo relicto, Cythera *ſponte*
Cornua fixit Lemnia *fronte.*

Novo-Caſtro Subterlinum,
Mulſum propinavi Vinum;
Nullus ibi ſit ſceleſtus,
Vox clamantis in ſuggeſtis;
Portas caſtitatis frangunt,
Quas extincta luce tangunt.

Veni Stone *ad* Campanam,
Vidi * Deliam *non* Dianam;
Hic ſuſpectam habens vitam
Paſtor gregis, Jeſuitam

Me

† O mellea mea Delia!

But to drink took I affection,
I forgot ſoon their Complexion.

Thence to *Tauk-a-Hill* reſort I,
An Hill ſteepy, ſlippery, dirty:
Smith with me being well acquainted,
Drank with me till's Brains were tainted.
Having left me, *Venus* ſwore it,
She'd Shooe-horn her *Vulcan*'s Forehead.

At *Newcaſtle Under-line* a,
There I trounc'd it in burnt Wine a:
None o'th' *Wicked* there remained,
Weekly Lectures were proclaimed:
Chaſtity they roughly handle,
While blind Zeal ſnuffs out the Candle.

Thence to th' *Bell* at *Stone* ſtrait draw I,
† *Delia*, no *Diana* ſaw I:
By the Parſon I was cited,
Who held me for Jeſuited;

In

† O my Honeyſuckle *Delia!*

Me censebat, sed incertæ
Nil invenit præter chartæ.

Haywood *properans malignam,*
Nocte præparat aprugnam
Mihi Hospes; sed quid restat?
Calices haurire præstat:
Nullum Baccho gratius libum,
Quam mutare potu cibum.

Veni Ridgelay, *ubi Faber,*
Cui liquor Summus labor,
Mecum bibit; Nocte datâ
Mihi matula perforata,
Vasis crimine detecto,
Fit Oceanus in lecto.

Veni Bruarton, Claudi *domum,*
Ubi querulum audiens sonum,
Conjugem virum verberantem,
Et vicinum equitantem;

Qui

In his ſearch the Door faſt locked,
Nought but Cards were in my Pocket.

Next to *Haywood* taking flight-a,
Mine Hoſteſs gave me Brawn at Night-a:
But, what's that unto the matter?
Whiskins ſorted with my Nature:
To brave *Bacchus* no Gift quicker
Than Meat changed to ſtrong Liquor.

Thence to *Ridgelay*, where a Blackſmith
(Liquor being all he'd take with)
Bouzed with me; Midnight waking,
And a Looking-glaſs there taking,
Chamber-pot was hol'd quite thorow,
Which made me lie wet till Morrow.

Thence to *Bruarton*, old *Claudus*
Did approve us and applaud us;
Where I heard a woful bleating,
A curſt Wife her Husband beating:

Neigh-

Quo peracto, frontem lini
Spuma bynes inſtar vini.

Inde * Litchfield *properabam,*
Ubi quendam invitabam
Perobſcænum opibus plenum,
Ad ſumendum mecum cœnam;
Hauſto, vino, acta cœna,
Solvit divitis crumena.

Veni Coleſhill, *ad macellum,*
Ubi in cerviſiam cellam
Forte ruens, cella ſordet,
Uxor mulcet, urſa mordet;
Sed ut Lanius fecit focum
Lectum, dereliqui locum.

Veni Meredin, *Meri-die,*
Ubi longæ feſſus viæ,
Hoſpitem

* Cautibus, arboribus, cinaris, frondentibus herbis,
Crevit in Eccleſiam vallis opima tuam.

Neighbour rode for his Default-a,
While I dy'd my Front with Malt-a.

Thence to † *Litchfield* went I right on,
Where I chanced to invite one,
A Curmudgeon rich, but nasty,
To a Supper on a Pasty:
Having sipp'd, and supp'd, and ended,
What I spent the Miser lended.

Thence to *Coleshill*, to a Shamble,
Like an old Fox, did I ramble
Down nasty Cellar, Wife inviting,
All while cursed Bear was biting:
But the Butcher having made
The Fire his Bed, no more I staid.

Thence to *Meredin* did steer I,
Where grown Foot-sore, and sore weary,

† Enclos'd with Cliffs, Trees, Grass, and Artichokes,
The fruitful Vale up to the Temple looks.

Hoſpitem in genu cepi,
Et ulterius furtim repi;
Cum qua propinando manſi,
Donec ſponſam ſponſum ſenſi.

Veni Coventry, *ubi dicunt*
Quod Cæruleum-filum *texunt,*
Ego autem hoc ignoro,
Nullum enim emi foro,
Nec diſcrevi juxta morem,
Lignum, lucrum, nec colorem.

Veni Dunchurch *per latrones.*
Ad lurcones & lenones,
Nullum tamen timui horum,
Nec latronem, nec liquorem;
Etſi Dives metu ſatur,
Cantet vacuus Viator.

Mane Daintry *ut veniſſem,*
Corculum quod reliquiſſem,

Avide

I repos'd, where I chuck'd *Joan*-a
Felt her Pulſe, would further gone-a:
There we drank, and no Gueſt croſs'd us,
Till I took Hoſt for th' Hoſteſs.

Thence to *Coventry*, where 'tis ſaid-a
Coventry-Blue is only made-a;
This I know not, for ſure am I,
In no Market bought I any:
Bacchus made me ſuch a Scholar,
Black or Blue, I knew no Colour.

Thence to *Dunchurch*, where Report is
Of Pimps and Punks a great reſort is;
But to me none ſuch appeared,
Thief nor Bung-hole I ne'er feared:
Tho' Curmudgeons have Fears plenty,
Safe he ſings whoſe Purſe is empty.

At *Daintry* early might you find me,
But not the Wench I left behind me:

Avide quærens per museam,
Desponsatam esse eam
Intellexi, qua audita,
" *Vale* (*dixi*) Proselyta.

Veni Wedon, *ubi varii*
Omnis gentis Tabellarii
Convenissent, donec mundus
Currit cerebro rotundus:
" *Solvite Sodales læti,*
" *Plus* ‡ *reliqui quam accepi.*

Veni Tofteter *die Martis,*
Ubi Bæcalaureum artis
Bacchanalia celebrantem
Ut inveni tam constantem,
Feci me consortem festi
Tota nocte perhonesti.

Veni

‡ Nauseanti Stomacho effluunt omnia.

Near the School-houſe where I bouſed,
Her I ſought, but ſhe was ſpouſed;
Which I having heard that Night-a,
" Farewel (quoth I) *Proſelyta.*

Thence to *Wedon*, where I tarry'd
In a Waggon to be carried;
Carriers there are to be found-a,
Who will drink till th' World turns round-a:
" Pay, good Fellows, I'll pay nought here,
" I have left ‡ more than I brought here.

Thence to *Toſſeter* on *Tueſday*,
Where an artful Batchelor choos'd I
To conſort with; we ne'er budged,
But to *Bacchus* Revels trudged:
All the Night-long ſate we at it,
Till we both grew heavy-pated.

‡ My queaſy Stomach making bold
To give them that it could not hold.

Veni Stratford, *ubi* Grenum
Procis procam, Veneris venam,
Nulla tamen forma jugis,
† *Verdor oris perit rugis;*
Flos ut viret ſemel aret,
Forma ſpreta procis caret.

Tenens curſum & decorum,
Brickhill, *ubi* Juniorem
Veni, vidi, propter mentem
Unum octo Sapientum;
Sonat vox ut Philomela,
Ardet naſus ut candela.

Hocklayhole *ut acceſſiſſem,*
Cellam Scyllam incidiſſem,
Antro ſimilem Inferni,
Aut latibulo Lavernæ;

Ibi

† Vere fruor titulo, non ſanguine, fronte capillo!
Nomine ſi vireo, Vere tamen pereo.

Thence to *Stratford*, where *Frank* † *Green-a*,
Daintieſt Doe that e'er was ſeen-a,
Venus Varniſh, me ſaluted,
But no Beauty long can ſuit it;
Beauty feedeth, Beauty fadeth,
Beauty loſt, her Wooer 'vadeth.

Holding on my Journey longer,
Strait at *Brickhill*, with *Tom Younger*
I arriv'd; one, by this Cheeſe-a,
Stil'd the eighth Wiſe-man of *Greece-a*,
Voice more ſweet than *Progne*'s Siſter,
Like a Torch his Noſe doth gliſter.

To *Hocklaybole* as I approached,
Scylla's Barmy Cell I broached,
Dark as th' Cave of *Pluto*'s Station,
Or *Laverna*'s Habitation:

† *Green* is my Name, from him whom I obey,
But tho' my Name be green, my Head is grey.

Ibi diu propinando,
Sævior eram quam Orlando.

Veni Dunſtable, *ubi mures*
Intus reptant, extus fures,
Sed vacandum omni metu
Furum temulento cœtu,
Pars ingenii manſit nulla
Quam non tenuit ampulla.

Veni Redbourn, *ubi Mimi*
Neq; medii, neq; primi:
Prologus hedera redimitus
Simiano geſtu ſitus,
† *Convivalem cecinit odem,*
Heus tu corrige diploidem.

Illinc

Actor.

† Dapes Convivio, ſapore vario.

Auctor.

Diplois ſpatio lataque medio,
Corrige diploidem ægregie Nebulo.

Quaffing there while I could ſtand-o,
Madder grew I than *Orlando.*

Thence to *Dunſtable*, all about me,
Mice within, and Thieves without me:
But no Fear affrights deep Drinkers,
There I toſs'd it with my Skinkers:
Not a drop of Wit remained
Which the Bottle had not drained.

Thence to *Redbourn*, where were Players,
None of *Roſcius* active Heirs:
Prologue crown'd with Wreath of Ivy,
Jetted like an Ape moſt lively:
I told them ſitting at the * Banquet,
They ſhould be canvas'd in a Blanket.

From

Actor.
* Even as in a Ban-a-quet are Diſh-es
of ſun-dry ta-aſt,

Author.
Even ſo is thy Doo-blet too long
i'th' Wa-aſt;
Go mend it, thou Knave, go mend it.

Illinc Stomacho inani
Petii oppidum ‡ Albani,
Ubi tantum fecit vinum,
Dirigentem ad Londinum
Manum *manu cepi mea,*
Ac si socia esset ea.

Veni Barnet *signo* Bursæ,
Ubi convenissent Ursi,
Propinquanti duo horum
Parum studiosi morum,
Subligacula dente petunt,
Quo posteriora fœtent.

Veni Highgate, *quo prospexi*
† *Urbem perdite quam dilexi,*

Hic

‡ Hic *Albanus* erat, tumulum, titulumq; reliquit;
Albion Albanum vix parit alma parem.

† Tot colles *Romæ*, quot sunt Spectacula *Trojæ*,
Quæ septem numero, digna labore tuo
Illa manet *Trojæ* spectacula: 1. Busta, 2. Gigantes,
3. Histrio, 4. Dementes, 5. Struthiones, 6. Ursa,
7. Leones.

From thence with a Stomach empty,
To the Town of † *Albane* went I,
Where with Wine I was ſo undone,
As the *Hand* which guides to *London*:
In my blind Hand I received,
And her more Acquaintance craved.

Thence to th' *Purſe* at *Barnet* known-a,
There the Bears were come to Town-a:
Two rude Hunks, 'tis Truth I tell ye,
Drawing near them, they did ſmell me:
And like two miſhapen Wretches,
Made me, ay me, wrong my Bretches.

Thence to *Highgate*, where I viewed
‡ City I ſo dearly loved,

And

† Here *Alban* was; his Tomb, his Title too;
"All *Albion* ſhew me ſuch an *Alban* now.

‡ Seven Hills there were in *Rome*, and ſo there be
Seven Sights in *New-Troy* crave our Memory:
1. Tombs, 2. *Guild-hall* Giants, 3. Stage-plays,
4. *Bethl'hem* Poor,
5. Oſtrich, 6. Bear-garden, 7. Lyons i'th' Tow'r.

Hic Tyronibus exosum
Hausi Cornu tortuosum,
Ejus memorans salutem
Cujus caput fit cornutum.

Veni Holloway, Pileum rubrum,
In cohortem muliebrem,
Me Adonidem *vocant omnes*
Meretrices Babylonis;
Tangunt, tingunt, molliunt, mulcent,
At egentem, foris pulsant.

Veni Islington *ad* Leonem,
Ubi spectans Histrionem
Sociatum cum choraulis,
Dolis immiscentem sales,
Cytharæ repsi in vaginam,
Quod præstigiis dedit finem.

Ægre jam relicto rure,
Securem Aldermanni-bury

Primo

And th' *Horn of Matriculation*
Drank to th' Freſhmen of our Nation;
To his Memory ſalured
Whoſe branch'd Head was laſt cornuted.

Thence to *Holloway*, *Mother Red-cap*
In a Troop of Trulls I did hap;
Whores of *Babylon* me impalled,
And me their *Adonis* called;
With me toy'd they, buſs'd me, cull'd me,
But being needy, out they pull'd me.

Thence to *Iſlington* at *Lyon*,
Where a juggling I did 'ſpy one
Nimble with his Mates conſorting,
Mixing Cheating with his Sporting:
Creeping into th' Caſe of's Viol,
Spoil'd his juggling, made them fly all.

Country left I in a Fury,
To the *Axe* in *Alderm'n-bury*

Primo petii, quâ vxoſa
Sentina, Holburni Roſa
Me excepit, ordine tali
Appuli Gryphem Veteris Baily;
Vbi experrectus lecto,
Tres Ciconias *indies ſpecto,*
Quo victurus, donec æſtas
Rure curas tollet mœſtas;
Feſtus Fauſtulus *& feſtivus,*
Calice vividus, corpore vivus.
Ego etiam & Sodales
Nunc Galerum Cardinalis
Viſitantes, vi Minervæ
Bibimus ad Cornua Cervi,
Sed Actæon *anxius horum,*
Luce ſeparat Vxorem.

Sub Sigillo Tubi *fumantis*
Et Thyrſi *flammantis,*
Motu Mulciberi *Naſo-flagrantis.*

Officina

Firſt arriv'd, that place ſlighted,
I at the *Roſe* in *Holbourn* lighted:
From the *Roſe* in Flaggons ſail I
To the *Griffin* i'th' *Old-Baily*:
Where no ſooner do I 'waken
Than to *Three Cranes* I am taken;
Where I lodge, and am no ſtarter
Till I ſee the Summer Quarter.
Perr is *Fauſtulus*, and pleaſing,
Cup brim-full, and Corpſe in ſeaſon:
Yea, my merry Mates and I too
Oft the *Card'nal's Hat* do flie to,
Where at *Harts-horns* we carouſe it,
As *Minerva* doth infuſe it:
But *Actæon*, ſick o'th' Yellows,
Mews his Wife up from Good-fellows.

Under th' Sign of *Pipe* ſtill fuming,
And the *Buſh* for ever flaming;
Mulciber the Motion moving,
With Noſe-burning Maſter ſhaming.

A Shop

Officina juncta Bacco
Juvenilem fere Tobacco,
Uti libet, *tunc signata,*
Quæ impressio nunc mutata;
Uti fiet, *nota certa*
Qua delineatur Charta.

Τέλος, *sine* telis *non* typis.

Finis Partis Secundæ.

A Shop neighbouring near *Iacco*,
Where *Young* vends his *Old Tobacco*:
As you like it; ſometimes ſealed,
Which Impreſſion's ſince repealed:
As you make it; he will have it,
And in Chart and Front engrave it:

Harmleſs, but no artleſs End
Cloze I here unto my Friend.

The End of the Second Part.

In Errata.

INter Accipitrem & Buteonem,
Juxta phraſem percommunem,
Spectans iſta typis data,
Hæc comperui Errata;
Quæ ſi corrigas (*candide Lector*)
Plena coronet pocula Nectar.

A vertice ad calcem
Erratis admove falcem.

Errando, diſce.

JAm Venus Vinis *reditura* Venis,
Jam Venus Venis *peritura plenis,*
Nam Venus Venis *patitur ſerenis,*
Nectare plenis.

Bar-

Upon the ERRATA's.

BEtwixt *Hawk* and *Buzzard*, O Man,
After th' Phraſe of Speech ſo common;
Having ſeen this *Journal* at print,
I found theſe *Errata's* in't;
Which if thou correct, kind Reader,
Nectar be thy Muſe's feeder.

From the Head unto the Foot,
Nought but *Error*, look unto't.

This Obſervation have I found moſt true;
Erring, I learn my Errors to ſubdue.

NOW *Venus* pure *Veins* are with *Wines* inflamed,
Now *Venus* full *Veins* are by *Wines* reſtrained:
For *Venus* ſwoln *Veins* are by *Morpheus* chained,
From Folly wained.

Barnabæ Itinerarium.

Pars III.

Mirtil.

IO Fauſtule! *gratulantur*
Quid te amant & amantur,
Te incolumem rediturum!
Spreta Curia, pone curam,
Narra via, quas calcaſti,
Queis ſpiraſti, quas ſpectaſti.

Barnaby's Journal.

PART III.

Mirtil.

WHoup *Fauſtulus!* all draw nigh thee
That do love thee, or lov'd by thee,
Joying in thy ſafe returning!
Leave Court Care, and fruitleſs Mourning:
Way th'aſt walked, prithee ſhew it,
Where th'aſt lived, what haſt' viewed.

Ne Epheſios Diana
Fit celebriore fama;
Omnes omnia de te fingunt,
Statuam Pictores pingunt;
Tolle metum, mitte moram,
Fac te clarum viatorem.

Fauſtul.

Mitte moram, tolle metum!
Quis me unquam minus lætum
Cum adverſis *agitatum,*
Aut ſecundis *tam inflatum*
Vidit, ut mutando morem
Reddant me ſuperbiorem.
Aſpernarer ego Mundum,
Niſi mundus me jucundum
Bonis ſociis, radiis vitæ
Sociali tinctis ſiti
Celebraret; adi, audi,
Et Progreſſu meo gaude.

Not th'*Epheſian Diana*
Is of more renowned Fame-a:
Acting Wonders, all invent thee,
Painters in their Statues paint thee:
Baniſh Fear, remove Delay Man,
Shew thy ſelf a famous Way-man.

Fauſtul.

Leave Delay, and be not fearful!
Why! who e'er ſaw me leſs cheerful?
When I was by Fortune cuffed,
Or by Fortune's Smiles ſo puffed,
That I ſhew'd my ſelf far prouder
Than when ſhe more ſcornful ſhew'd her:
For the World, I would not prize her,
Yea, in time I ſhould deſpiſe her,
Had ſhe in her no good Fellow,
That would drink till he grew mellow:
Draw near and hear, thou ſhalt have all,
Hearing, joy in this my Travel.

Primo Die ſatur vino
Veni Iſlington *à* Londino,
Iter arduum & grave,
Sero tamen ſuperavi,
Acta veſpertina Scena,
Siccior eram quam arena.

Veni Kingſland, *terram regis,*
Specioſam cœtu gregis,
Equum ubi fatigantem,
Vix ulterius ſpatiantem,
Nec verberibus nec verbis
Motum, gelidis dedi herbis.

Veni Totnam-altam-crucem,
Quo diſceſſi ante lucem;
Hoſpes ſociis parum caret,
Nemo Fauſtulum *ſpectaret;*

Pra-

First Day, having drank with many,
To *Iſlington* from *London* came I,
Journey long, and grievous Weather,
Yet the Ev'ning brought me thither;
Having ta'en my Pots by th' Fire,
Summer Sand was never dryer.

Thence to *Kingſland*, where were feeding
Cattle, Sheep, and Mares for breeding;
As I found it, there I feared
That my *Roxinant* was wear'ed:
When he would jog on no faſter,
Looſe I turn'd him to the Paſture.

Thence to *Totnam-high-croſs* turning,
I departed 'fore next Morning:
Hoſteſs on her Gueſts ſo doated,
Fauſtulus was little noted:

Pratum stratum, & Cubile
O piaculum! fit fœnile.

Ut reliqui Crucem altam,
Lento cursu petii Waltham,
In hospitium Oswaldi,
Qui mi regiam * Theobaldi,
Monstrat demum, quo conspecto,
Hausi noctem sine lecto.

Veni Hoddesden, *stabant foris*
Chartis pictis Impostores,
Queis deceptis, notis causis,
Ante Eirenarcham pacis
Eos duxi, ut me videt,
Laudat eos, me deridet.

Veni

---

* *De augustissima Domo Theobaldi.*

O Domus augustæ radiantia limina nostræ!
An vestrum est Mundi lumine clausa mori?
Regio quo Sponsi pietas dedit oscula Sponsæ,
Et spirare Sabæ vota suprema suæ!

To an Hay-loft I was led in,
Boards my Bed, and Straw my Bedding.

Having thus left *High-croſs* early,
I to *Waltham* travel'd fairly,
To the Hoſpital of *Oſwald*,
And that Princely Seat of * *The'bald*;
There all Night I drank old Sack-a,
With my Bed upon my Back-a.

Thence to *Hoddeſden*, where ſtood watching
Cheats who liv'd by Coney-catching:
Falſe Cards brought me, with them play'd I,
Dear for their Acquaintance paid I.
'Fore a Juſtice they appeared,
Them he praiſed, me he jeered.

Thence

---

* *On the King's Houſe at* Tibbals.

This Seat, this Royal Object of the Sight,
Shall it for ever bid the World good-night?
Where our preceding Kings enjoy'd ſuch Bliſs,
And ſeal'd their amorous Fancies with a Kiſs!

Veni Ware, *ubi belli*
Saltus, ſitus, & Amwelli
Amnes lenem dantes ſonum,
Qui ditarunt Middletonum:
Sunt ſpectati more miti,
" *O ſi eſſent* Aqua vitæ.

Veni Wademill, *ubi ritè*
Pleno cyatho dempta ſiti,
Quidam clamitant jocosè,
Me ſpectantes otioſe,
Co-ementem hæc flagella,
" *Ubi Equus? ubi Sella?*

Veni Puckeridge, *eo ventum*
Mendicantes fere centum
Me præcingunt; dixi verum,
" *Quod pauperior illis eram;*
Quo reſponſo, mente una
Me relinquunt cum fortuna.

Veni

Thence to *Ware*, where mazy *Amwel*
Mildly cuts the Southern Chanel;
Rivers ſtreaming, Banks reſounding,
Middleton with Wealth abounding:
Mightily did theſe delight me;
"O, I wiſh'd them *Aqua vitæ*.

Thence to *Wadamill*, where I reſt me
For a Pot, for I was thirſty;
On me cry'd they, and did hout me,
And like Beetles flock'd about me:
"Buy a Whip, Sir! No, a Ladle:
Where's your Horſe, Sir? where your Saddle?

Thence at *Puckridge* I repoſed,
Hundred Beggars me incloſed:
"Beggars, quoth I, you are many,
"But the pooreſt of you am I;
They no more did me importune,
Leaving me unto my Fortune.

Veni Buntingford, *ad ſenilem*
Hoſpitem & juvenilem
Conjugem, quæ ſcit affari
Placide, lepide oſculari;
Area florida, frutice ſuavis,
Ubi minurizat avis.

Veni Royſton, *ibi ſeges,*
Prata, ſata, niveæ greges,
Ubi pedes pii Regis;
Hinc evolvens † Fati *deges,*
Mihi dixi: Quid te pejus,
Iſta legens, male deges?

Veni Caxſton, *paupere tecto,*
Sed pauperiore lecto:
Quidam habent me ſuſpectum,
Eſſe maculis infectum
Peſtis,

† Paſcua, prata, canes, viridaria, flumina, ſaltus,
Otia regis erant, rege ſed iſta ruent.

Thence to *Buntingford* right trusty,
Bed-rid Host, but Hostess lusty;
That can chat and chirp it neatly,
And in secret kiss you sweetly;
Here are Arbours deck'd gaily,
Where the *Buntin* warbles daily.

Thence to *Royston*, there Grass groweth,
Medes, Flocks, Fields, the Plowman soweth;
Where a pious Prince frequented,
Which observing, this I vented:
"Since all Flesh to †Fate's a Debtor,
"Restless Wretch, why liv'st no better?

Thence to *Caxston*, I was led in
To a poor House, poorer Bedding:
Some there were had me suspected,
That with Plague I was infected;

So

† Fields, Floods, Wasts, Woods, Deer, Dogs with well-tune'd Cry,
Are Sports for Kings, yet Kings with these must die

Peſtis, unde exui veſtem,
Vocans Hoſpitem in teſtem.

Veni Cambridge, *prope* Vitem,
Ubi Muſæ *ſatiant ſitim;*
Sicut Muſcæ circa fimum,
Aut ſcintillæ in Caminum,
Me clauſerunt juxta murum,
Denegantes rediturum.
Media-Nocte ſiccior eſſem
Ac ſi nunquam ebibiſſem,
Sed pudore parum motus,
Hinc diſceſſi ſemi-potus:
Luci, loci paludoſi,
Sed Scholares *ſpecioſi.*

Veni * Godmancheſter, *ubi*
Ut Ixion *captus nube,*

Sic

* Quercus anilis erat, tamen eminus oppida ſpectat;
Stirpe viam monſtrat, plumea fronde tegit.

So as I ſtark-naked drew me,
Calling th' Hoſteſs ſtrait to view me.

Thence to *Cambridge*, where the *Muſes*
Haunt the *Vine-buſh*, as their Uſe is,
Like Sparks up a Chimney warming,
Or Flies near a Dunghill ſwarming:
In a Ring they did incloſe me,
Vowing they would never loſe me.
'Bout Midnight for Drink I call, Sir,
As I had drank nothing at all, Sir:
But all this did little ſhame me,
Tipſy went I, tipſy came I:
Grounds, Greens, Groves are wet and homely,
But the Scholars wondrous comely.

Thence to * *Godmancheſter*, by one
With a Cloud, as was *Ixion*;

* An aged Oak takes of this Town ſurvey;
Finds Birds their Neſts, tells Paſſengers their way.

Sic eluſus à puella,
Cujus labra erant mella,
Lectum ſe adire vellet,
Spondet, ſponſum ſed fefellit.

Veni Huntington, *ubi cella*
Facto pacto cum puella,
Hoſpes me ſuſpectum habens,
Et in cellam tacite labens;
Quo audito, vertens rotam,
Pinxi memet perægrotum.

Veni Harrington, *bonum omen!*
Vere amans illud nomen,
Harringtoni *dedi* nummum,
Et fortunæ penè ſummum,
Indigenti poſtulanti,
Benedictionem danti.

Veni Stonegatehole *nefandum*
Ubi contigit memorandum.

Quidam

Was I gull'd; ſhe had no fellow,
Her ſoft Lips were moiſt and mellow;
All Night vow'd ſhe to lie by me,
But the Giglet came not nigh me.

Thence to *Huntington*, in a Cellar
With a Wench was there a Dweller;
I did bargain, but ſuſpected
By the Hoſt, who her affected;
Down the Stairs he hurried quickly,
While I made me too too ſickly.

Thence to *Harrington*, be it ſpoken!
For Name-ſake I gave a Token
To a Beggar that did crave it,
And as cheerfully receive it;
More he need not me importune,
For 'twas th' utmoſt of my Fortune.

Thence to *Stonegatehole*, I'll tell here
Of a Story that befel there;

Quidam Servus Atturnati
Vultu pellicis delicatæ
Captus, intrat nemus mere
Ut coiret muliere.
Mox è dumo latro repit,
Improviſum eum cepit,
Manticam vertit, mœchum vicit,
Et poſt Herum nudum miſit:
Manibus vinctis Sellæ locat,
Hinnit Equus, Servus vocat.
Cogitemus Attornatum
Suſpicantem hunc armatum,
Properantem deprædari,
Uti ſtrenuè calcari:
Currit Herus, metu teſte,
Currit Servus ſine veſte.

Pſallens * Sautry, *tumulum veni,*
Sacerdotis locum pœnæ,

Ubi

* Urna Sacellani viventis Imago ſepulti,
Quique aliis renuit buſta, ſepultus erat.

Egregium illud *Sautry* Sacrarium Sacerdotis avari retinuit memoriam.

One who ſerved an Attorney,
Ta'en with Beauty in his Journey,
Seeing a Coppice, haſtens thither,
Purpoſely to wanton with her.
As theſe privately conferred,
A Rover took him unprepared,
Search'd his Portmantua, bound him faſter,
And ſent him naked to his Maſter:
Set on's Saddle with Hands ty'd,
Th' Horſe he neyed, Man he cry'd.
Th' Attorney, when he had diſcerned
One, he thought, behind him, armed
In *white Armour*, ſtoutly ſtir'd him,
For his Jade, he keenly ſpur'd him:
Both run one Courſe to catch a Gudgeon,
This nak'd, that frighted to his Lodging.

Singing along down * *Sautry* Laning,
I ſaw a Tomb one had been lain in;

* Here of the Whip a covetous Prieſt did lick;
Who would not bury th' dead, was buried quick.

Nothing more memorable than that Chapel of *Sautry*, retaining ſtill with her that covetous Prieſt's Memory.

Ubi Rainsford *jus feciſſet,*
Et Paſtorem *condidiſſet :*
Vidi, ridi, & avari
Rego rogos ſic tractari.

Veni ad Collegium purum,
Cujus habent multi curam ;
Perhumanos narrant mores
Patres, Fratres & Sorores :
Unum tenent, una tendunt,
Omnes omnia Sacris *vendunt.*
An ſint iſti corde puro,
Parum ſcio, minus curo ;
Si ſint, non ſunt Hypocritæ
Orbe melioris vitæ :
Cellam, Scholam & Sacellum
Pulchra vidi ſupra Stellam.

Veni Stilton, *lento more,*
Sine fronde, ſine flore,

Sine

And enquiring, one did tell it,
'Twas where *Rainsford* bury'd th' *Prelate*:
I ſaw, I ſmil'd, and could permit it,
Greedy Prieſts might ſo be fitted.

To th' *Newfounded College* came I,
Commended to the Care of many;
Bounteous are they, kind and loving,
Doing whatſoe'er's behoving:
Theſe hold and walk together wholly,
And ſtate their Lands on Uſes holy.
Whether pure theſe are, or are not,
As I know not, ſo I care not;
But if they be diſſembling Brothers,
Their Life ſurpaſſeth many others:
See but their Cell, School, and their Temple,
You'll ſay the Stars were their Example.

Thence to *Stilton*, ſlowly paced,
With no Bloom nor Bloſſom graced;

Sine prunis, ſine pomis,
Uti ſenex ſine comis,
Calva tellus, ſed benignum
Monſtrat viatori ſignum.

Veni Wansforth-brigs, *immanem*
Vidi amnem, alnum, anum;
Amnem latum, anum lautam,
Comptam, cultam, caſtam, cautam;
Portas, Hortos ſpecioſos,
Portus, ſaltus ſpatioſos.

Sed ſcribentem digitum Dei
Spectans Miſerere mei,
Atriis, angulis, confeſtim
Evitandi cura peſtem,
Fugi, mori licet natus,
Nondum mori ſum paratus.

Inde prato per-amœni
Dormiens temulente fœni,

Rivus

With no Plumbs nor Apples ſtored,
But bald, like an old Man's Forehead;
Yet with Inns ſo well provided,
Gueſts are pleas'd when they have try'd it.

Thence to *Wansforth-brigs*, a River
And a Wife will live for ever:
River broad, an old Wife jolly,
Comely, ſeemly, free from Folly:
Gates and Gardens neatly gracious,
Ports, and Parks, and Paſtures ſpacious.

Seeing there, as did become me;
Written, LORD HAVE MERCY ON ME,
On the Portals, I departed,
Leſt I ſhould have ſorer ſmarted:
Tho' from Death none may be ſpared,
I to die was ſcarce prepared.

On a Hay-cock ſleeping ſoundly,
Th' River roſe and took me roundly

Down

Rivus ſurgit & me capit,
Et in flumen alte rapit;
Quorſum? *clamant*; Nuper erro
A Wansforth-brigs in Anglo-terra.

Veni * Burleigh, *licet Bruma,*
Sunt fornaces ſine fumo,
Promptuaria ſine promo,
Clara porta, clauſa domo;
† *O Camini ſine foco,*
Et Culinæ ſine Coquo!
Clamans, domum ô inanem!
Reſonabat ‡ Echo, famem;
Quinam habitant intra muros?
Reſpirabat Echo, mures;
Ditis omen, nomen habe;
Echo reſpondebat, Abi.

Veni

---

* Iſta domus fit Daſypodis dumus.
Statius.

† —— Hederæque trophæa camini.

‡ —— Cuſtos Domus Echo relictæ.

Down the Current: People cry'd,
Sleeping down the Stream I hy'd:
Where away, quoth they, *from Greenland?*
No; from Wansforth-brigs in England.

Thence to * *Burleigh*, though 'twas Winter,
No Fire did the Chimney enter,
Buttries without Butlers guarded,
Stately Gates were double-warded;
Hoary † Chimneys without Smoak too,
Hungry Kitchins without Cook too.
Hallowing aloud, O empty Wonder!
‡ *Echo* ſtrait reſounded, *Hunger.*
Who inhabits this vaſt Brick-houſe?
Echo made reply, *The Titmouſe:*
Ominous Cell! No Drudge at home, Sir?
Echo anſwer made, *Be gone, Sir.*

Thence

* This Houſe is the Levarets Buſh.

† Ivy the Chimney's Trophy.

‡ *Echo*'s the Keeper of a forlorn Houſe.

Veni † Stamford, *ubi bene*
Omnis generis crumenæ
Sunt venales, ſed in ſummo
Sunt crumenæ ſine nummo;
Plures non in me reptantes,
Quam ſunt ibi mendicantes.

Licet curæ premant charæ,
Veni in ‡ Foramen Saræ;
Proca ſemel ſucci plena,
Lauta, læta, & ſerena,
At venuſta fit vetuſta,
Mundo gravis & onuſta.
Saræ antrum *ut intraſſem,*
Et ampullas || *gurgitaſſem,*

In

† Quo Schola? quo Præſes? Comites? Academica ſedes?
In loculos literas tranſpoſuere ſuas.

‡ Sileni Antrum, eo enim nomine egregie notum.

|| Exiccaſſem.

Thence to ancient † *Stamford* came I,
Where are penceleſs Purſes many;
Neatly wrought as doth become them,
Leſs Gold in them than is on them:
Clawbacks more do not aſſail me
Than are Beggars ſwarming daily.

Tho' my Cares were great and many,
To the ‡ *Hole of Sarah* came I,
Once a *Bona-roba*, truſt me,
Tho' now Buttock-ſhrank and ruſty;
But tho' Nervy-Oil, and fat-a,
Her I caught by you know what-a.
Having boldly thus adventur'd,
And my *Sara*'s Socket enter'd,

Her

† Where be thy Maſters? Fellows? Scholars? Burſers?
O *Stamford!* to thy ſhame, they're all turn'd Purſers.

‡ The Drunkard's Cave, for ſo it muſt be call'd,
Where many Malt-worms have been ſoundly maul'd.

In amore Sara *certo,*
Ore baſia dat aperto;
Sæpe ſedet, quando ſurgit
Cyathum propinare urget.

Veni Witham, *audiens illam*
Propter lubricam anguillam
Vere claram, nixus ramo
Cæpi expiſcari hamo;
Et ingentem capiens unam,
Præceps trahor in † *lacunam.*

Veni ‡ Grantham *mihi gratam,*
Inclyte Pyramidatam,
Ibi Paſtor cum Uxore
Coeundi utens more,

Di

† Littora Mæandri ſunt anxia limina Lethi,
Fluctus ubi curæ, ripa memento mori.

‡ Hinc canimus mirum! non protulit Inſula Spiram,
Falcem nec notam vidimus Orbe cotem.

Her I ſued, ſuited, ſorted,
Buſſed, bouzed, ſneezed, ſnorted:
Often ſate ſhe, when ſhe got up,
All her Phraſe was, "Drink the Pot up."

Thence to *Witham*, having read there,
That the fatteſt Eel was bred there;
Purpoſing ſome to entangle,
Forth I went and took an Angle;
Where an huge one having hooked,
* By her headlong was I dooked.

Thence to † *Grantham* I retiring,
Famous for a Spire aſpiring,
There a Paſtor with his Sweeting
In a Chamber cloſely meeting,

In

* *Meander*'s Shores to *Lethe*'s Shadows tend,
Where Waves, ſound Cares, and Banks imply our End.

† I may compare this Town, and be no Lyer,
With any Shire, for Whetſtones and a Spire.

De cubiculo descendit,
Quia Papa *ibi pendet:*
Oppidani timent clari
Paulo *Spiram asportari;*
Scissitantes (valde mirum)
Ubi præparent papyrum,
Qua † *maturius implicetur;*
Ne portando ‡ *læderetur.*

Veni * Newark, *ubi vivos*
Sperans mersos esse rivis,
Irrui cellam subamœnam,
Generosis vinis plenam.

Donec

† Structura. ‡ Penetretur.

* Ulmus arenosis pulcherrima nascitur oris,
Arces & effusis vestit amœna comis.

Hic Campi virides, quos Trentia flumina rivis
Fœcundare solent, ubera veris habent.

Hic porrectiore tractu distenditur Bevaria vallis
Valles trinæ & opimæ
Dapes insulæ divinæ.

In great Fury out he flung there.
'Cauſe a Popiſh Picture hung there:
Here the Townſmen are amated,
That their Spire ſhould be tranſlated
Unto *Paul*'s; and great's their Labour,
How to purchaſe ſo much Paper
To enwrap it, as is fitting,
To ſecure their Spire from ſplitting.

Thence to * *Newark*, Flood-ſurrounded,
Where I hoping moſt were drowned;
Hand to Hand I ſtraitways ſhored
To a Cellar richly ſtored:

---

*A ſandy Plat a ſhady Elm receives,
Which cloaths thoſe Turrets with her ſhaken Leaves.

Here all-along lies *Bever*'s ſpacious Vale,
Near which the Streams of fruitful *Trent* do fall.

Valleys three ſo fruitful be,
They're the Wealth of *Britainy*.

Donec Lictor *intrans cellam,*
Me conduxit ad flagellum.

Veni Tuxworth *ſiam lute,*
Ubi viatores (puto)
Viam viſcum eſſe credunt,
Sedes Syrtes ubi ſedent;
Thyrſus pendet, diu pendit,
Bonum Vinum raro vendit.

Veni Retford, *Piſces edi,*
Et adagio locum dedi,
Cæpi ſtatim propinare,
Ut piſciculi natare
Diſcant meo corpore vivo,
Sicuti natarunt rivo.

Veni Scrubie, *Deus bone!*
Cum Paſtore & Latrone
Egi diem, fregi noctem,
Latro me feciſſet doctum:

Till ſuſpected for a Pick-lock,
Th' Beadle led me to the Whip-ſtock.

Thence to *Tuxworth*, in the Clay there,
Where poor Travellers find ſuch Way there;
Ways like Bird-lime ſeem to ſhew them,
Seats are Syrts to ſuch as know them;
Th' Ivy hangs there, long has't hung there;
Wine it never vended ſtrong there.

Thence to *Retford*, Fiſh I fed on;
And to th' Adage I had red on;
With Carouſes I did trim me,
That my Fiſh might ſwim within me
As they had done being living
And i'th' River nimbly diving.

Thence to *Scrubie*, O my Maker!
With a *Paſtor* and a *Taker*
Day I ſpent, I Night divided,
Thief did make me well provided:

Ei nollem assidere,
Ne propinquior esses peræi

Veni Bautree, *angiportam,*
In dumetis vidi Scortam,
Gestu levem, lumine vivam,
Vultu lætam, & laseivam;
Sed inflixi carni pœnam,
Timens misere crumenam.

Veni † Doncaster, *sed* Levitam
Audiens finiisse vitam,
Sprevi Venerem, *sprevi Vinum,*
Perdite quæ dilexi primum:
Nam cum Venus *inseneseit,*
In me carnis vim compescit.

Nescit

† Major Causidico quo gratior esset amico,
In comitem lento tramite jungit equo:
Causidicus renuit, renuente, Patibula, dixit,
Commonstrabo tibi; *Caus.* Tuque moreris ibi.

My poor Scrip caus'd me to fear him,
All Night long I came not near him.

Thence to *Bautree*, as I came there,
From the Buſhes near the Lane, there
Ruſh'd a Tweak in Geſture flanting,
With a leering Eye, and wanton:
But my Fleſh I did ſubdue it,
Fearing leſt my Purſe ſhould rue it.

Thence to † *Doncaſter*, where reported
Lively *Levite* was departed:
Love I loath'd, and ſpritely Wine too,
Which I dearly lov'd ſome time too;
For when youthful *Venus* rageth,
She my fleſhly Force aſſwageth.

† That Courteſie might a Courteſie enforce,
The May'r would bring the Lawyer to his Horſe:
You ſhall not, quoth the Lawyer. M. *Now I ſwear,*
I'll to the Gallows go. L. *I'll leave you there.*
Might not this May'r (for Wit a ſecond Pale-As)
Have nam'd the *Town-end* full as well as *Gallows*?

Neſcit ſitis artem modi,
Puteum Roberti Hoodi
Veni, & liquente vena
Vincto † *catino catena,*
Tollens ſitim, parcum odi,
Solvens obolum Cuſtodi.

Veni ‡ Wentbridge, *ubi plagæ*
Terræ, maris, vivunt ſagæ,
Vultu torto & anili,
Et conditione vili:
His infernæ manent ſedes,
Quæ cum inferis ineunt fœdus.

Veni Ferrybrig, *vietus,*
Pede laſſus, mente lætus,

Vi

† Viventes venæ, Spinæ, catinuſque catenæ,
Sunt *Robin Hoodi* nota trophæa ſui.

‡ Rupæ cavedia ſtruxit inedia,
Queis oſcitanter latuit accedia.

Thirſt knows neither Mean nor Meaſure,
Robin Hood's Well was my Treaſure;
In a common † Diſh enchained,
I my furious Thirſt reſtrained:
And becauſe I drank the deeper,
I paid two Farthings to the Keeper.

Thence to ‡ *Wentbridg*, where vile Wretches,
Hideous Hags and odious Witches,
Writhen Count'nance, and mis-ſhapen,
Are by ſome foul *Bugbear* taken:
Theſe infernal Seats inherit,
Who contract with ſuch a Spirit.

Thence to *Ferrybrig*, ſore wearied,
Surfoot, but in Spirit cheered:

† A Well, Thorn, Diſh, hung in an Iron Chain,
For Monuments of *Robin Hood* remain.

‡ In a Rock Want built her Booth,
Where no Creature dwells but Sloth.

Ut guſtaſſem uvam Vini,
Fructum ſalubrem acini:
Sævior factus ſum quam Aper,
Licet vini lenis ſapor.

Veni * Pomfret, *ubi miram*
Arcem, † Anglis *regibus diram;*
Laſeris ‡ *ortu celebrandam,*
Variis geſtis memorandam:
Nec in Pomfret *Repens certior,*
Quam pauperculus inertior.

Veni Sherburn, *ad amandum,*
Et aciculis ſpectandum;

Paſtor

---

* Hic repetunt ortum triſtiſſima funera Regum,
Quæ lachrymas oculis excutiere meis.

† Regibus Anglorum dedit arx tua dira ruinam,
Hoc titulo fatum cerne S:::::: tuum.

‡ Latius in rupem Laſer eſt ſita dulcis arentem,
Veſte nova Veris floribus aucta novis.

I no ſooner the Grape taſted
But my Melancholy waſted:
Never was wild Boar more felliſh,
Tho' the Wine did ſmally reliſh.

Thence to * *Pomfret*, as long ſince is,
Fatal to our † Engliſh Princes;
For the choiceſt ‡ *Liquorice* crowned,
And for ſundry Acts renowned:
A *Louſe* in *Pomfret* is not ſurer
Than the Poor thro' Sloth ſecurer.

Thence to *Sherburn*, dearly loved,
And for Pinners well approved:

Cherry-

---

* The Tragick State of *Engliſh* Kings ſtood here,
Which to their Urns pays Tribute with a Tear.

† Here ſtood that fatal Theatre of Kings,
Which for Revenge mounts up with airy Wings.

‡ Here *Liquorice* grows upon their mellow'd Banks,
Decking the Spring with her delicious Plants.

Paſtor decimas cetaſorum
Quærit plus quam animorum:
Certe neſcio utrum mores,
An fortunæ meliores.

Veni Bramham, *eo ventu,*
Vidi Pedites currentes;
Quidam auribus ſuſurrat,
"*Crede* Fauſtule, *hic præcurret,*
"*Nam probantur: Qui narratur*
Pejor, melior auſpicatur.

Veni Tadcaſter, *ubi pontem*
Sine flumine, prælucentem,
Plateas fractas, & aſtantes
Omni loco mendicantes
Spectans, illinc divagarer,
Ne cum illis numerarer.

Veni Eboracum, *flore*
Juventutis eum Textore

Fruens

Cherry-Tenths the Paſtor aimeth,
More than th' Souls which he reclaimeth:
In an Equipage conſorting,
Are their Manners and their Fortune.

Thence to *Bramham*, thither coming,
I ſaw two Footmen ſtript for running:
One ſaid, "the Match was made to cheat 'em;
"Truſt me, *Fauſtulus*, *This* will beat 'em;
"For we've try'd 'em; but that Courſer
He priz'd better, prov'd the worſer.

Thence to *Tadcaſter*, where ſtood reared
A fair Bridge; no Flood appeared:
Broken Pavements, Beggars waiting,
Nothing more than Labour hating;
But with ſpeed I haſtned from them,
Leſt I ſhould be thought one of them.

Thence to *York*, freſh Youth enjoying,
With a wanton *Weaver* toying:

Husband

Fruens, conjux ſtatim venit,
" Lupum vero auribus tenet ;
Ille clamat aperire,
Ille negat exaudire.

Sic ingreſſus mihi datur,
Cum Textori *denegatur ;*
Qui dum voce importunè
Strepit, matulam urinæ
Sentit ; ſapienter tacet,
Dum Betricia *mecum jacet.*

Ibi Tibicen apprehenſus,
Judicatus & ſuſpenſus,
Plauſtro cöaptato furi,
Ubi Tibia, *clamant pueri ?*
Nunquam ludes amplius Billie ;
At neſcitis, *inquit ille.*
Quod contigerit memet teſte,
Nam abſciſſa jugulo reſte,
Ut in foſſam Furcifer vexit,
Semi-mortuus reſurrexit :

Husband ſuddenly appears too,
" Catching the *Wolf* by th' Ears too:
He cries, *Open, ſomething fears him.*
But th' deaf *Adder* never hears him.

Thus my Entrance was deſcried,
While the *Weaver* was denied;
Who as he fumed, fret, and frowned,
With a Chamber-pot was crowned:
Wiſely ſilent, he ne'er grudged
That his *Betty* with me lodged.

A Piper being here committed,
Guilty found, condemn'd, and titted;
As he was to *Knaveſmyre* going,
This Day, quoth Boys, *will ſpoil thy Blowing;*
From thy Pipe th'art now departing;
Wags, quoth th' Piper, *you're not certain.*
All which happen'd to our Wonder,
For the Halter cut aſunder,
As one of all Life deprived,
Being bury'd, he revived:

And

Arce reducem excludit;
Ubi valet, vivit, ludit.

Veni Towlerton, *Stadiodromi*
Retinentes ſpem coronæ,
Ducunt equas ea die
Juxta tramitem nodæ viæ;
Sequens autem ſolitam venam,
Sprevi primum & poſtremum.

Veni Helperby *deſolatum,*
Igne nuper concrematum,
Ne taberna ſit intacta,
Non in cineres redacta;
Quo diſceſſi ocyor Eure,
Reſtinguendi ſitim cura.

Veni † Topcliff, *muſicam vacans,*
Et decoro ordine luxans,

Ut

† Labentes rivi reſonant ſub vertice clivi,
Quæ titulum villæ primo dedere tuæ.
Alias,
Infra ſitum Rivi ſaliunt ſub acumine clivi,
Quo ſedes civi ſplendida, nulla nivi.

And there lives, and plays his Meaſure,
Holding Hanging but a Pleaſure.

Thence to *Towlerton*, where thoſe Stagers
Or Horſe-courſers run for Wagers:
Near to the Highway the Courſe is,
Where they ride and run their Horſes:
But ſtill on our Journey went we,
Firſt or *Laſt* did 'like content me.

Thence to *Helperby*, I turned,
Deſolate and lately burned:
Not a Taphouſe there but mourned,
Being all to Aſhes turned;
Whence I ſwiftly did remove me,
For Thirſt-ſake, as did behove me.

Thence to †*Topcliff*, Muſick call'd I,
In no comely Poſture fail'd I;

But

†*Topcliff* from tops of Cliffs firſt took her Name,
And her Cliff-mounted Seat confirms the ſame:
Where Streams with curled Windings overflown,
Beſtow a Native Beauty on the Town.

Ut expectant hi mercedem,
Tacitè ſubtraxi pedem ;
Parum habui quod expendam,
Linquens eos ad ſolvendum.

Veni † Thyrske, Thyrſis *hortum,*
Ubi Phyllis *floribus ſportam*
Inſtruit, at nihil horum
Nec paſtorem, neque florem
Ego curo, Bacchum *ſpecto*
Horto, campo, foro, tecto.

Veni Alerton, *ubi oves,*
Tauri, vaccæ, vituli, boves,
Aliaque Campi pecora
Oppidana erant decora :

Forum

† Thyrſis oves paſcens per apricæ paſcua vallis,
Prima dedit Thyrſco nomina nota ſuo.

Sycamori gelidis Tityrus umbris
Diſcumbens, Phyllidi Serta paravit,
Et niveas greges gramine pavit.

But when theſe expected Wages,
To themſelves I left my Pages;
Small being th' Court'ſy I could ſhew them,
Th' Reck'ning I commended to them.

Thence to * *Thyrske*, rich *Thyrſis* Casket,
Where fair *Phyllis* fills her Basket
With choice Flowers, but theſe be vain things,
I eſteem no Flowers nor Swainlings;
In *Bacchus* Yard, Field, Booth, or Cottage,
I love nought like his cold Pottage.

Thence to *Alerton*, rank'd in Battel,
Sheep, Kine, Oxen, other Cattel;
As I fortun'd to paſs by there,
Were the Town's beſt beautifier:

* Here *Thyrſis* fed his Lambkins on the Plain;
So *Thyrske* from *Thyrſis* took her ancient Name:
Here *Tityrus* and *Phyllis* made them Bowers,
Of tender Oſiers, ſweet-breath'd Sycamours.

Forum fuit jumentorum,
Mihi autem cella forum.

Veni Smeton, *perexosum*
Collem *quem* pediculosum
Vulgo vocant, tamen mirè
Mœchæ solent lascivire,
Ad alendum debilem statum,
Aut tegendam nuditatem.

Veni * Nesham, Dei donum,
In Cœnobiarchæ domum;
Uberem vallem, salubrem venam,
Cursu fluminis amœnam,
Lætam sylvis & frondosam,
Heræ *vultu speciosam.*

Veni

---

*Littora lentiscis, gemmarunt germina gemmis,
Murenulis conchæ, muricibusque comæ.

Fair for Beaſts at that time fell there,
But I made my Fare the Cellar.

Thence to *Smeton* I aſſailed,
Louſy Hill, for ſo they call it;
Where were dainty Ducks, and jant ones,
Wenches that could play the wantons;
Which they practice, Truth I'll tell ye,
For Relief of Back and Belly.

Thence to * *Neſham*, now tranſlated,
Once a *Nunnery* dedicated:
Valleys ſmiling, Bottoms pleaſing,
Streaming Rivers never ceaſing;
Deck'd with tufty Woods and ſhady,
Graced by a lovely Lady.

* Where Shores yield Lentisks, Branches pearled Gems,
Their Lampreis Shells, their Rocks ſoft moſſy Stems.

Veni Darlington, *prope vieum.*
Conjugem duxi peramicam;
Nuptiis celebrantur feſta,
Nulla admittuntur mœſta;
Pocula noctis dant progreſſum,
Ac ſi nondum nuptus eſſem.

Veni † Richmond, *ſed amicos*
Generoſos & antiquos,
Nobiles ſocios, ſortis miræ,
Cum nequiſſem invenire,
Sepelire curas ibi,
Tota nacte mecum bibi.

Pœna ſequi ſolet culpam,
Veni Redmeere *ad* Subulcum,

Ilia

† Nomen habes Mundi, nec erit ſine jure, ſecundi,
Namque ſitus titulum comprobat ipſe tuum.

Thence to *Darlington*, where I bouſed
Till at laſt I was eſpouſed:
Marriage Feaſt and all prepared,
Not a Fig for th' World I cared;
All Night long by th' Pot I tarry'd,
As if I had ne'er been marry'd.

Thence to † *Richmond*, heavy Sentence!
There were none of my Acquaintance:
All my noble Comrades gone were,
Of them all I found not one there;
But leſt Care ſhould make me ſicker,
I did bury Care in Liquor.

Penance chac'd that Crime of mine hard,
Thence to *Redmeere*, to a Swine-herd

† From a *Rich Mound* thy Appellation came,
And thy rich Seat proves it a proper Name.

Ilia menſæ fert porcina,
Priſca nimis inteſtina,
Quæ ni calices abluiſſent,
Adhuc gurgite inhæſiſſent.

Veni Carperbie *peravarum,*
Cœtu frequens, victu carum;
Septem Solidorum cœna
Reddit levior crumena:
Nummo citius haurieris,
Quam liquore ebrieris.

Veni Wenchly, *valle ſitum,*
Priſca vetuſtate tritum,
Amat tamen propinare
Paſtor cum agnellis charè,
Quo effaſcinati more,
Dormiunt Agni cum Paſtore.

Veni Middlam, *ubi arcem*
Vidi, & bibentes ſparſim

Bonos

Came I, where they nothing plac'd me
But a Swine's Gut that was naſty;
Had I not then waſh'd my Liver,
In my Guts 't had ſtuck for ever.

Thence to *Carperby*, very greedy,
Conſorts frequent, Victuals needy:
After Supper they ſo toſs'd me,
As ſeven Shillings there it coſt me:
Soon may one of Coin be ſoaked,
Yet for want of Liquor choaked.

Thence to *Wenchly*, Valley-ſeated,
For Antiquity repeated:
Sheep and Shepherd, as one Brother,
Kindly drink to one another;
Till Pot-hardy, light as Feather,
Sheep and Shepherd ſleep together.

Thence to *Middlam*, where I viewed
Th' Caſtle, which ſo ſtately ſhewed:

Bonos ſocios, quibus junxi,
Et liquorem libere ſumpſi;
Æneis *licet tincti* naſis,
Fuimus cuſtodes pacis.

Veni * Ayſcarth, *vertice montis,*
Valles, & amœnos fontes,
Niveas greges, ſcopulos rudes,
Campos, ſcirpos, & paludes
Vidi, locum vocant Templum,
Speculantibus exemplum.

Veni Worton, *ſericis cincta,*
Sponſa Ducis, ore tincta,
Me ad cœnam blande movet,
Licet me non unquam novit;
Veni, vidi, viſi, luſi,
" *Cornu-copiam optans Duci.*

Veni

* Gurgite præcipiti ſub vertice montis acuti
Specus erat ſpinis obſitus, intus aquis.

Down the Stairs, 'tis Truth I tell ye,
To a Knot of brave Boys fell I:
All *Red Noſes*, no Dye deeper,
Yet none but a Peace-keeper.

Thence to * *Ayſcarth*, from a Mountain,
Fruitful Valleys, pleaſant Fountain;
Woolly Flocks, Cliffs ſteep and ſnowy,
Fields, Fenns, ſedgy Ruſhes ſaw I;
Which high Mount is call'd the *Temple*,
For all Proſpects an Exemple.

Thence to *Worton*; being lighted,
I was ſolemnly invited
By a Captain's Wife moſt yewly,
Though, I think, ſhe never knew me:
I came, call'd, cull'd, toy'd, trifled, kiſſed.
" Captain cornu-cap'd I wiſhed.

Thence

---

*Here breaths an arched Cave of antique Stature,
Cloſed above with Thorns, below with Water.

Veni Bainbrig, *ubi palam*
Flumen deſerit canalem,
Spectans, uti properarem
Ad Joannem Ancillarem,
Hoſpitem habui (verè mirum)
Neque fœminam, neque virum.

Veni * Askrig, *notum Forum,*
Valde tamen indecorum,
Nullum habet Magiſtratum,
Oppidanum ferre ſtatum:
Hic pauperrimi textores
Peragreſtes tenent mores.

Veni † Hardraw, *ubi Fames,*
Cautes frugis perinanes;

Nun-

---

* Clauditur amniculus ſaliens fornicibus arctis,
Alluit & villæ mœnia juncta ſuæ.

† Labitur alveolis reſonantibus amnis amœnus,
Qui tremula mulcet voce, ſopore fovet.

Thence to *Bainbrig*, where the River
From its chanel ſeems to ſever:
To *Maidenly John* I forthwith haſted,
And his beſt Proviſion taſted:
Th' Hoſt I had (a thing not common)
Seemed neither Man nor Woman.

Thence to * *Askrig*, Market noted,
But no Handſomeneſs about it;
Neither Magiſtrate nor Mayor
Ever were elected there:
Here poor People live by Knitting,
To their Trading, breeding fitting.

Thence to † *Hardraw*, where's hard Hunger,
Barren *Cliffs* and *Clints* of Wonder;
Never

---

* A Chanel ſtrait confines a Cryſtal Spring,
Waſhing the Walls o'th' Village neighbouring.

† A ſhallow Rill, whoſe Streams their Current keep,
With murm'ring Voice and Pace procure ſweet Sleep.

Nunquam vixit hic Adonis,
Ni ſub thalamo Carbonis:
Diverſoria ſunt obſcœna,
Fimo fœda, fumo plena.

Veni Gaſtile, *ubi cellam,*
Cellam ſitam ad Sacellum
Intrans, bibi Stingo *fortem,*
Habens Lanium in conſortem,
Et † *Paſtorem parvæ gregis,*
Rudem moris, artis, legis.

Veni ‡ Sedbergh, *ſedem quondam*
Lautam, lætam, & jocundam,
Sed mutatur mundus totus,
"*Vix in anno unus potus:*

Ibi

† Quota eſt hora, refert! Solem ſpeculando reſpon-
Ecce Sacerdotes quos tua terra parit! [det,

‡ Proſpicies Thyrſum ſinuoſius arte rotundum,
Organa quo cerebri merſa fuere mei.

Never here *Adonis* lived,
Unleſs in *Cole*'s Harbour hived:
Inns are naſty, duſty, fuſty,
With both Smoke and Rubbiſh muſty.

Thence to *Gaſtile*, I was drawn in
To an Alehouſe near adjoining
To a *Chapel*; I drank *Stingo*
With a *Butcher* and *Domingo*
Th' † *Curate*, who, to my diſcerning,
Was not guilty of much Learning.

Thence to ‡ *Sedbergh*, ſometimes Joy-all,
Gameſome, gladſome, richly royal;
But thoſe Jolly Boys are ſunken,
"Now ſcarce once a Year one drunken:
There

† I ask'd him, What's a-Clock? he look'd at th'Sun,
But want of Learning made him anſwer — Mum.

‡ Here grows a Buſh in artful Mazes round,
Where th' active Organs of my Brain were drown'd.

Ibi propriæ prope lari
Non audebam Vulpinari.

Veni †Killington, *editum collem,*
Fronde lætiore mollem,
Ibi tamen parum hærens,
Semper altiora ſperans,
Hiſce dixi longum vale,
Solum repetens natale.

Veni ‡ Kendall, *ubi ſtatus*
Præſtans, prudens ‡ *Magiſtratus,*

Publicis

---

†Arboribus gelidam texens Coriarius umbram,
Æſtatem atque Hyemem fronde repelle gravem.

‡ Nunc Saturnius appulit annus,
Major fiet Aldermannus.

There I durſt not well be merry,
Far from Home old Foxes werry.

Thence to † *Killington* I paſſed,
Where an Hill is freely graſſed;
There I ſtaid not, tho' half-tired,
Higher ſtill my Thoughts aſpired:
Taking Leave of Mountains many,
To my Native Country came I.

Thence to *Kendall*, pure her State is,
Prudent too her ‡ Magiſtrate is;

In

† Here the retir'd Tanner builds him Bowers
Shrouds him from Summer's Heat, and Winter's Showers.

‡ Now *Saturn*'s Year has drench'd down Care,
And made an Alderman a May'r.

Publicis Festis purpuratus,
Ab. Elizabetha *datus;*
Hic me juvat habitare,
Propinare & amare.

Inter Barnabæ *Errores,*
Hi mutârunt preli mores,
" *Delirans iste Sapiens* Gottam
" *Reddit* Cœtum *propter* Cotem.

Vide Grantham.

Finis Partis Tertiæ.

Bar-

In whoſe Charter to them granted,
Nothing but a Mayor wanted:
Here it likes me to be dwelling,
Bouſing, loving; Stories telling.

Amongſt other Faults in Print,
You ſhall find this Error in't:
"Did not the Sage of *Gottam* ſtrangely fail,
"Who for a *Whetſtone* render'd him a *Whale*?
See *Grantham.*

The End of the Third Part.

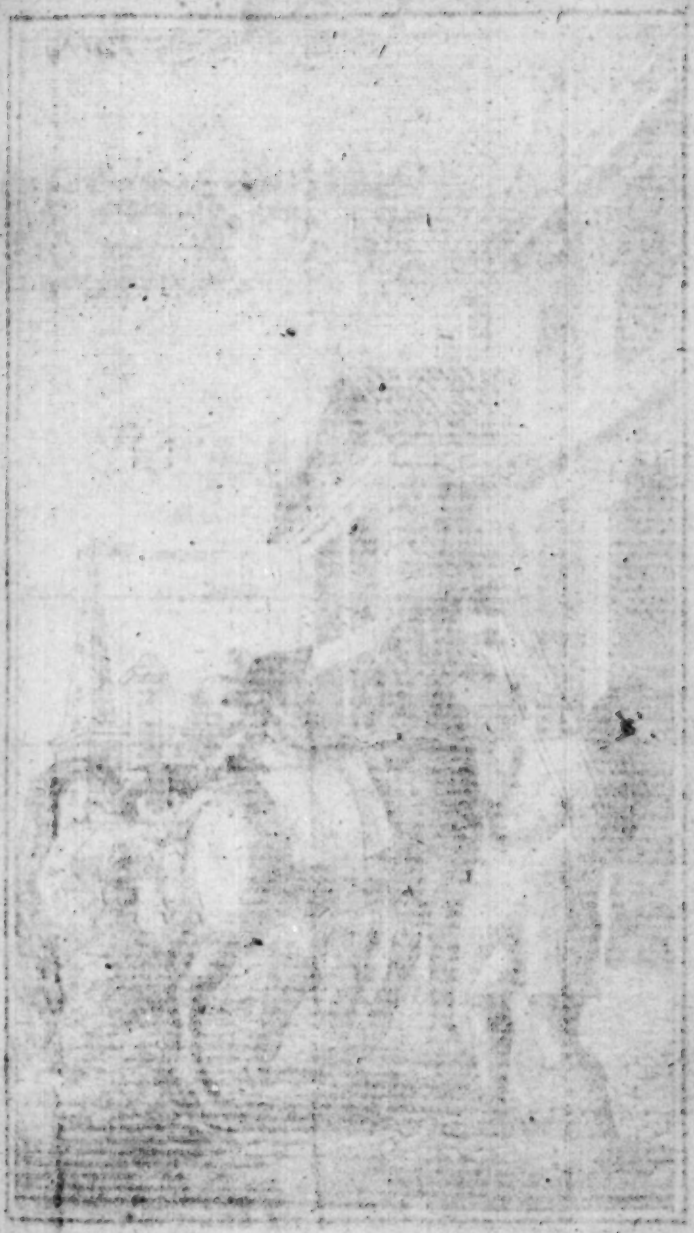
Barnabæ Itinerarium.

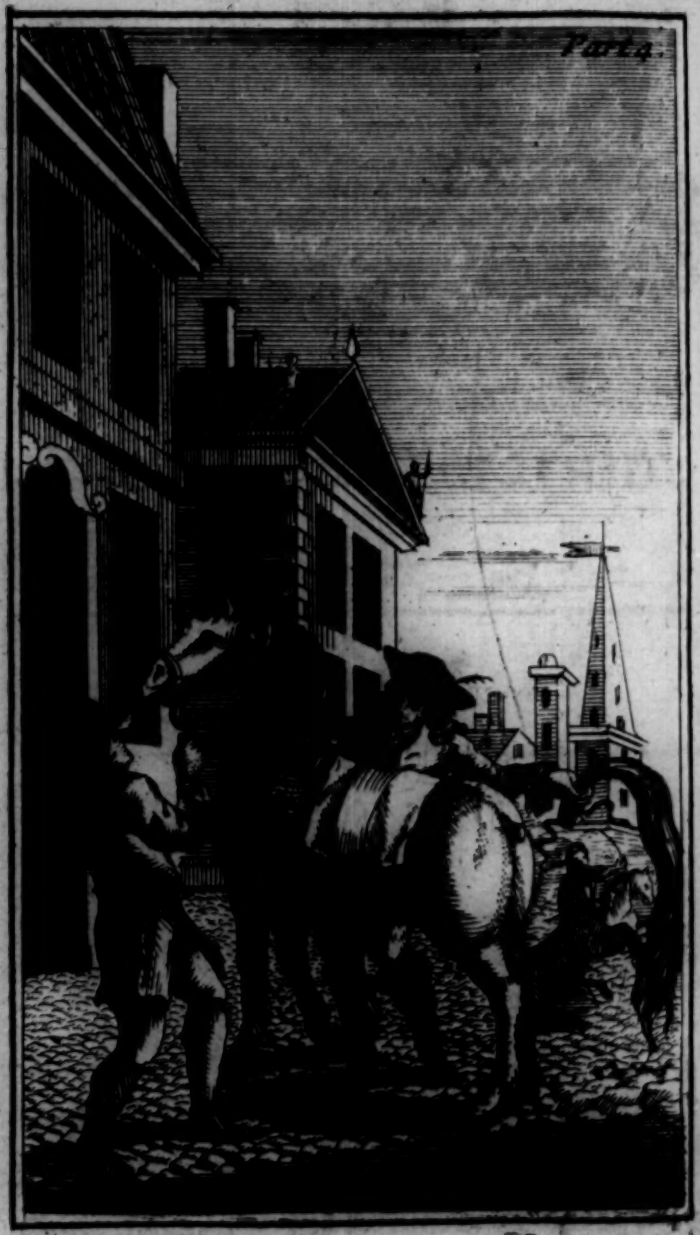
Pars IV.

Mirtil.

O Fauſtule! *dic quo jure*
Spreta Urbe, vivis rure?
Quo tot lepidos conſortes,
Genio fauſtos, gurgite fortes,
Reliquiſti, ſocios vitæ,
Gravi laborantes ſiti?

Vale




Part 4.

Barnaby's Journal.

PART IV.

Mirtil.

O *Fauſtulum!* takes't no Pity
For the Field to leave the City?
Nor thy Conſorts, lively Skinkers,
Witty Wags, and luſty Drinkers;
Lads of Life, who waſh their Liver,
And are dry and thirſty ever?

Vale dices tot amicis,
Tot Lyæi vini vicis,
Tot Falerni roſcidi cellis,
Tot pelliculis, tot puellis?
Quid te movet, dic ſodali,
Urbi longum dicere vale?

Fauſtul.

Quid me movet? *Nonne cernis:*
Me tamdiu in Tabernis
Propinaſſe, donec mille
Clamant, Ecce *Fauſtulus* ille,
Qui per Orbem ducens iter,
Titulo *Ebrii* inſignitur!
Qui natali bibit more
Ortu roſeæ ab Auroræ
Uſque veſperam, & pudorem
Vultus, queſtus & odorem
Sprevit! *audi culpæ pœnam,*
Scenam Fauſtuli *extremam.*

Vale

Wilt thou here no longer tarry
With theſe Boys that love *Canary*?
Wilt thou leave theſe Nectar Trenches,
Dainty Doxies, merry Wenches?
Say, what makes thee change thy Ditty,
Thus to take Farewel o'th' City?

Fauſtul.

What is't makes me! Doſt' not note it,
How I have i'th' Tavern floated,
Till a Thouſand ſeek to ſhame me,
There goes Fauſtulus, ſo they name me,
Who thro' all the World has traced,
And with Stile of Maltworm *graced!*
Who carouſeth to his Breeding,
From Aurora's *Beamlins ſpreading*
To th' Evening, and deſpiſeth
Favour-Thrift, which each Man prizeth!
Now hear *Fauſtulus*'s Melancholy,
Th' cloſing Scene of all his Folly.

Vale Banbury, *vale* Brackley,
Vale Hollow-well, *vale* Hockley,
Vale Daintry, *vale* Leiſter,
Vale Chicheſter, *vale* Cheſter,
Vale Nottingham, *vale* Mansfield,
Vale Wetherby, *vale* Tanfield.

Vale Aberford, *vale* Bradford,
Vale Toceter, *vale* Stratford,
Vale Preſton, *vale* Euxſton,
Vale Wiggan, *vale* Newton,
Vale Warrington, *vale* Budworth,
Vale Kighley, *vale* Cudworth.

Vale Hoddeſden, *vale* Totnam,
Vale Giggleſwick, *vale* Gottam,
Vale Harrington, *vale* Stilton,
Vale Huntington, *vale* Milton,

Vale

FArewel *Banbury*, farewel *Brackley*,
Farewel *Hollow-well*, farewel *Hockley*,
Farewel *Daintry*, farewel *Leiſter*,
Farewel *Chicheſter*, farewel *Cheſter*,
Farewel *Nottingham*, farewel *Mansfield*,
Farewel *Wetherby*, farewel *Tanfield*,

Farewel *Aberford*, farewel *Bradford*,
Farewel *Toceter*, farewel *Stratford*,
Farewel *Preſton*, farewel *Euxſton*,
Farewel *Wiggan*, farewel *Newton*,
Farewel *Warrington*, farewel *Budworth*,
Farewel *Kighley*, farewel *Cudworth*.

Farewel *Hoddeſden*, farewel *Totnam*,
Farewel *Giggleſwick*, farewel *Gottam*,
Farewel *Harrington*, farewel *Stilton*,
Farewel *Huntington*, farewel *Milton*,

Vale Royſton, *vale* Puckeridge,
Vale Caxſton, *vale* Cambridge.

Vale Ware, *vale* Wademill,
Vale High-gate, *vale* Gads-hill,
Vale Stamford, *vale* Sautry,
Vale Scrubie, *vale* Bautry,
Vale Caſtrum Subterlinum,
Ubi Vates, *Venus*, *vinum*.

Vale Tauk-hill, *quem conſpexi*,
Lemnia Lydia, *quam dilexi*,
Arduæ viæ quas tranſivi,
Et amiculæ queis cöivi,
Faber, *Taber*, *ſociæ lætæ*,
Et convivæ vos valete.

Nunc longinquos locos odi,
Vale fons Roberti Hoodi,
Vale Roſington, *vale* Retford,
Et antiqua ſedes Bedford;

Vale

Farewel *Royſton*, farewel *Puckeridge*,
Farewel *Caxſton*, farewel *Cambridge*.

Farewel *Ware*, farewel *Wademill*,
Farewel *High-gate*, farewel *Gads-hill*,
Farewel *Stamford*, farewel *Sautry*,
Farewel *Scrubie*, farewel *Bautry*,
Farewel *Caſtle Underline* too,
Where are Poets, Wenches, Wine too.

Farewel *Tauk-hill*, which I viewed,
Lemnian Lydia, whom I ſued;
Steepy Ways by which I waded,
And thoſe Truggs with which I traded;
Faber, Taber, penſive never,
Farewel merry Mates for ever.

Now I hate all foreign Places,
Robin Hood's Well, and his Chaces:
Farewel *Roſington*, farewel *Retford*,
And thou ancient Seat of *Bedford*;

Fare-

Vale Dunchurch, Dunſtable, Brickhill,
Alban, Barnet, Pimlico, Tickhill,

Vale Waltham, & Oſwaldi,
Sedes, ſitus Theobaldi,
Vale Godmancheſter, *ubi*
Mens eluſa fuit nube;
Vale Kingſland, Iſlington, † London,
Quam amavi perdite quondam.

Vale

---

† —— Iſta novæ mea mœnia Trojæ.

Nunc novæ longum valedico Trojæ,
Læta quæ flori, gravis eſt ſenectæ,
Vina, Picturæ, Veneris facetæ,
Cuncta valete.

Sin vero conjux, famuli, ſorores,
Liberi, ſuaves Laribus lepores
Confluant, mulcent varios labores:
Cuncta venite.

Farewel *Dunchurch*, *Dunſtable*, *Brickhill*,
Alban, *Barnet*, *Pimlico*, *Tickhill*.

Farewel *Waltham*, Seat of *Oſwald*,
That bright Princely Star of *The'bald*:
Farewel *Godmancheſter*, where I
Was deluded by a Fairy:
Farewel *Kingſland*, *Iſlington*, † *London*,
Which I lov'd, and by it undone.

Farewel

---

† —— Theſe be my *New Troy*'s dying Elegies.

Now to that *New Troy* bid adieu for ever,
Wine, Venus, Pictures, can alure me never,
Theſe are Youth's Darlings, Age's hoary griever,
Fare ye well ever.

Farewel for ever, ſee you will I never,
Yet if Wife, Children, Money hurry thither,
Where we may plant and ſolace us together,
Welcome for ever.

Vale Buntingford, *ubi ſuaves*
Vepres, vites, flores, aves,
Hoſpes grata & benigna,
Et amoris præbens ſigna;
Alio juvat ſpatiari,
Paſci, pati, recreari.

Vale Stone, & Sacellum,
Quod ſplendentem habet Stellam,
Vale Haywood, Bruerton, Ridglay,
Litchfield, Coventry, Coleſhill, Edglay,
Meredin, Wakefield, & *amœni*
Campi, chori Georgii Greeni.

Vale Clowne, Doncaſter, Rothram,
Clapham, Ingleton, Waldon, Clothram,
Witham, Grantham, New-wark, Tuxworth,
Uxbridge, Beconsfield, & Oxforth,
Geniis & ingeniis bonis
Satur, opibus Platonis.

Sprevi

Farewel *Buntingford*, where are Thruſhes,
Sweet Briers, ſhred Vines, private Buſhes;
Hoſteſs cheerful, mildly moving,
Giving Tokens of her loving;
I muſt in another Nation
Take my fill of Recreation.

Farewel precious *Stone* and *Chapel*,
Where *Stella* ſhines more freſh than th'Apple:
Farewel *Haywood*, *Bruerton*, *Ridglay*,
Litchfield, *Coventry*, *Coleſhill*, *Edgway*,
Meredin, *Wakefield*, farewel clean-a
Medes and Mares of *George à Green*-a.

Farewel *Clowne*, *Doncaſter Rothram*,
Clapham, *Ingleton*, *Waldron*, *Clothram*,
Witham, *Grantham*, *New-wark*, *Tuxworth*,
Uxbridge, *Beconsfield*, and *Oxforth*,
Richly ſtor'd (I am no *Gnatho*)
With Wit, Wealth, Worth, Well of *Plato*.

Fare-

Sprevi nunc Textoris *acum,*
Vale, vale Eboracum,
Alio nunc victurus more,
Mutans mores cum * *colore;*
Horreo, proprium colens nidum,
Sacram violare fidem.

Vale Wentbrig, Towlerton, Sherburn,
Ferrybrig, Tadcaſter, Helperby, Merburn:
Vale Bainbrig, Askrig, Worton,
Hardraw, Wenchley, Smeron, Burton:
Vale Ayſcarth, Carperby, Redmeere,
Gaſtile, Killington, & Sedbergh.

Armen-

---

* Inceſſit hyems niveis capillis,
Inceſſit hyems gelidis lacertis,
Nec mea curat carmina Phyllis,
Urbe relicta ruſtica vertes.

Conſpicui vates repetendo Cupidinis æſtus,
Spreta canunt lepidis, ut fenuere, proeis.

Farewel *York*, I muſt forſake thee,
Weaver's Shuttle ſhall not take me:
* Hoary Hairs are come upon me,
Youthful Pranks will not become me;
Th' Bed to which I'm reconciled
Shall be by me ne'er defiled.

Farewel *Wentbrig*, *Towlerton*, *Sherburn*,
Ferry-brig, *Tadcaſter*, *Helperby*, *Merburn*;
Farewel *Bainbrig*, *Askrig*, *Worton*,
Hardraw, *Wenchley*, *Smeton*, *Burton*;
Farewel *Ayſcarth*, *Carperby*, *Redmeer*,
Gaſtile, *Killington*, and *Sedbergh*.

I am

---

* Winter has now behoar'd my Hairs,
Benumb'd my Joints and Sinews too;
Phyllis for Verſes little Cares,
Leave City then, to th' Country go.

Poets, when they have writ of Love their fill,
Grown old, are ſcorn'd, tho' Fancy crown their Quill.

Armentarius jam ſum factus,
Rure manens incoactus,
Suavis odor lucri tenet,
Parum curo unde venit,
Campo, choro, tecto, thoro,
Caula, cella, ſylva, foro.

Equeſtria Fora.

Veni Malton, *artem laudo,*
Vendens Equum ſine cauda,
Morbidum, mancum, claudum, cecum,
Forte ſi maneret mecum,
Probo, vendo, pretium datur,
Quid ſi ſtatim moriatur.

Ad forenſem Rippon *tendo,*
Equi ſi ſint cari, vendo,
Si minore pretio dempti,
Equi à me erunt empti,

I am now become a Drover,
Country Liver, Country Lover;
Smell of Gain my Senſe benumbeth,
Little care I whence it cometh;
Be 't from Camp, Choir, Cottage, Carpet,
Field, Fold, Cellar, Foreſt, Market.

Horſe Fairs.

To *Malton* come I, praiſing th' Sale, Sir,
Of an Horſe without a Tail, Sir;
Be he maim'd, lam'd, blind, diſeaſed,
If I ſell him, I'm well pleaſed;
Should this Kephal die next morrow,
I partake not in the Sorrow.

Then to *Rippon*, I appear there
To ſell Horſes if they're dear there;
If they're cheap, I uſe to buy them,
And i' th' Country profit by them;

"*Ut alacrior fiat ille,*
"*Ilia mordicant anguillæ.*

Septentrionalia Fora.

Veni Pomfret, *uberem venam,*
**Virgis laſerpitiis plenam.*

Veni Topcliff *cum ſodali,*
Non ad Vinum ſed venale.

Veni Thyrsk, *ubi Boves*
Sunt venales pinguiores.

Veni Alerton *lætam, latam,*
Mercatori perquam gratam,
In utiliorem actum,
Eligo locum pecori aptum.

Veni

---

* Virgulta Laſeris florent amœnula,
In hac Angelica latius Inſula.
Vide lib. 3. ſtanz. 48.

" Where to quicken 'em, I'll tell ye,
" I put quick Eels into their Belly.

Northern Fairs.

Thence to *Pomfret*, freſhly flowred,
And with * Rods of Liquorice ſtored.

Thence to *Topcliff* with my Fellow,
Not to bouze Wine, but to ſell low.

Thence to *Thyrsk*, where Bullocks grazed
Are for Sale i' th' Market placed.

Thence to *Alerton*, cheerful, fruitful,
To the Seller very grateful;
There to chuſe a Place, I'm charieſt,
Where my Beaſts may ſhew the faireſt.

* Rods of Liquorice ſweetly ſmile
In that rich Angelick Iſle.
See Book 3, Stanza 48.

Veni Darlington, *ſervans leges*
In cuſtodiendo greges.

Inde Middlam *curſum flecto,*
Spe lucrandi tramite recto,
Nullum renuo laborem,
Quæſtus ſapiens odorem;
" *Nulla via modo vera,*
" *Eſt ad bonos mores ſera.*

Tra-montana Fora.

Hiſce foris nullum bonum
Capiens, Septentrionem
Ocyore peto pede,
Ditiore frui ſede:
Aſperæ cautes, ardui colles,
Lucri gratia mihi molles.

Veni Appleby, *ubi natus,*
Primam ſedem Comitatus.

Illine

Thence to *Darlington*, never ſwerving
From our Drove, Laws worth obſerving.

Thence to *Middlam* am I aiming
In a direct courſe of gaining;
I refuſe no kind of Labour,
Where I ſmell ſome gainful Savour:
" No way, be it ne'er the homelieſt,
" Is rejected, being honeſt.

Tra-montane Fairs.

In theſe Fairs, if I find nothing
Worth the ſtaying, I'm no ſlow thing;
To the *North* frame I my Paſſage,
Wing'd with Hope of more Advantage:
Ragged Rocks, and ſteepy Hillows,
Are by Gain more ſoft than Pillows.

Thence to Native *Appleby* mount I,
Th' ancient Seat of all that County.

Illinc Penrith *ſpecioſam,*
Omni merce copioſam.

Illinc Roſlay, *ubi tota*
Grex à gente venit Scota.

Hinc per limitem obliquam
Veni Ravinglaſs *antiquam;*
Illinc Dalton *peramœnum;*
Hinc Ouſtonum *fruge plenum:*
Donec Hauxide *ſpecto ſenſim;*
Illinc ſedem Lancaſtrenſem.

Veni Garſtang, *ubi nata*
Sunt armenta frontè latâ.

Hinc ad Ingleforth *ut deſcendi,*
Pulchri vituli ſunt emendi.

Illinc Burton *Limina peto,*
Grege lautâ, fronde lætâ.

Veni

Thence to Pearleſs *Penrith* went I,
Which of Merchandiſe hath plenty.

Thence to *Roſlay*, where our Lot is
To commerce with People *Scottiſh*.

By a Paſſage crook'dly tending,
Thence to *Ravinglaſs* I'm bending:
Thence to *Dalton*, moſt delightful;
Thence to Oaten *Ouſton* fruitful;
Thence to *Hauxide*'s mariſh Paſture;
Thence to th' Seat of old *Lancaſter*.

Thence to *Garſtang*, where are feeding
Herds with large Fronts, freely breeding.

Thence to *Ingleforth* I deſcended,
Where choice Bull-calfs will be vended.

Thence to *Burton*'s Bounders paſs I,
Fair in Flocks, in Paſtures graſſy.

Veni Horneby, *ſedem claram,*
" Spes lucrandi fert avarum ;
Cæca-ſacra fames auri
Me conſortem fecit Tauri:
Sprevi Veneris *amorem*
" Lucrum ſummum dat odorem.

Veni Loneſdale, *venientem*
Laticem ſocii præpotentem
Haurientes, hæſitantes,
Fluctuantes, titubantes,
Allicerent, (narro verum)
Sed non ſum qui ſemel eram.
Me ad limen trahunt Orci,
Uti lutum petunt Porci,
Aut ad vomitum fertur Canis,
Sed intentio fit inanis:
Oculis clauſis hos conſortes
Præterire didici mortis.

Mirtil.

Thence *Horneby*, Seat renowned,
" Thus with Gain are Worldlings drowned;
Secret-ſacred Thirſt of Treaſure
Makes my Bullocks my beſt Pleaſure:
Should *Love* wooe me, I'd not have her,
" It is Gain yields ſweeteſt Savour.

Thence to *Loneſdale*, where were at it
Boys that ſcorn'd Quart-Ale by Statute,
Till they ſtagger'd, ſtammer'd, ſtumbled,
Railed, reeled, rouled, tumbled;
Muſing I ſhould be ſo 'ſtranged,
I reſolv'd them I was changed.
To the Sink of Sin they drew me,
Where like Hogs in Mire they threw me,
Or like Dogs unto their Vomit,
But their Purpoſe I o'ercomed;
With ſhut Eyes I flung in Anger
From thoſe Mates of Death and Danger.

Mirtil.

Miror (Fauſtule) *miror verè,*
Bacchi *te clientem heri,*
Spreto genio jucundo,
Mentem immerſiſſe Mundo:
Dic quid agis, ubi vivis,
Semper eris Mundo civis?

Fauſtul.

Erras (Mirtille) *ſi me credas*
Nunquam Bacchi *petere ſedes;*
Thyrſus *vinctus erit collo,*
"*Semel in anno ridet* Apollo;
Pellens animi dolores,
Mutem crines, nunquam mores.
Socios habeo verè gratos,
Oppidanus propè natos,

Intra

Mirtil.

Surely (*Fauſtulus*) I do wonder
How thou, who ſo long liv'd under
Bacchus, where choice Wits reſounded,
Shouldſt be thus i'th' World drowned.
What do'ſt? where liv'ſt? in brief deliver.
Wilt thou be a Worldling ever?

Fauſtul.

Thou err'ſt (*Mirtillus*) ſo do mo too,
If thou think'ſt I never go to
Bacchus Temple, which I follow;
"Once a Year laughs wiſe *Apollo*;
Where I drench Grief's ſlight Phyſicians,
Hair I change, but no Conditions.
Cheerful Comrades have I by me,
Townſmen that do neighbour nigh me;

Within,

Intra, extra, circa muros,
Qui mordaces tollunt curas;
Hiſce juvat ſociari,
*Et * apricis ſpatiari.*

Nunc ad Richmond, *primo flore,*
Nunc ad Neſham *cum Uxore,*
Læto curſu properamus,
Et amamur & amamus:
Pollent floribus ambulacra,
Vera Veris *ſimulachra.*

Nunc ad Aſhton *invitato*
Ab amico & cognato,
Dant hoſpitium abditæ cellæ,
Radiantes Orbis Stellæ.
Menſa, mera, omnia plena,
Grata fronte & ſerena.

Nunc

* Si per apricos ſpatiari locos
Gaudeat, mentem relevare meam
Anxiam curis, ſtudiiſque gravem.

Within, without, where'er I reſt me,
Carking Cares do ne'er moleſt me:
With theſe I pleaſe to conſort me,
And in * open Fields to ſport me.

Now to *Richmond*, when Spring's come on,
Now to *Neſham* with my Woman;
With free Courſe we both approve it,
Where we love, and are beloved;
Here Fields flower with freſheſt Creatures,
Repreſenting *Flora*'s Features.

Now to *Aſhton*, I'm invited
By my Friend and Kinſman cited;
Secret Cellars entertain me,
Beauteous-beaming Stars inflame me;
Meat, Mirth, Muſick, Wines are there full,
With a Count'nance blith and cheerful.

Now

* Thus thro' the fair Fields, when I have beſt Leiſure,
Diaper'd richly, do I take my Pleaſure,
To cheer my Studies with a pleaſing Meaſure.

Nunc ad Cowbrow, *ubi lætus,*
Una mente confluit cœtus,
Neſcit locus lachrymare,
Neſcit hoſpes oſculari,
Facit in amoris teſtem
Anſer vel Gallina feſtum.

Nunc ad Natland, *ubi* Florem
Convivalem & Paſtorem
Spectо, ſpiro ora roſea,
A queis Nectar & Ambroſia;
Caſtitatis autem curæ
Me intactum ſervant rure.

Nunc ad Kirkland, *& de eo*
" Prope Templo, procul Deo,
Dici poteſt, ſpectent Templum,
Sacerdotis & exemplum,
Audient tamen citius ſonum
Tibiæ tamen concionem.

Nunc

Now to *Cowbrow*, quickly thither
Jovial Boys do flock together;
In which place all Sorrow loſt is,
Gueſts know how to kiſs their Hoſteſs;
Nought but Love doth border near it,
Gooſe and Hen will witneſs bear it.

Now to *Natland*, where choice Beauty
And a Shepherd do ſalute me;
Lips I reliſh richly Roſeack,
Purely *Nectar* and *Ambroſiack*;
But I'm chaſte, as doth become me,
For the Country's Eyes are on me.

Now to *Kirkland*, truly by it
May that Say' be verified,
" *Far from GOD, but near the Temple*;
Tho' their Paſtor gave Example:
They are ſuch a kind of Vermin,
Pipe they'd rather hear than Sermon.

Now

Nunc ad Kendal, *propter* * *Pannum,*
Cœtum, ſitum, † Aldermannum,
Virgines pulchras, pias matres,
Et viginti quatuor fratres,
Verè clarum & beatum,
Mihi nactum, notum, natum.
Ubi dicam (pace veſtra)
Tectum mittitur è feneſtra,
Cura lucri, cura fori,
Saltant cum Johanne Dori:
Sancti fratres cum Poeta,
Læta canunt & faceta.

Nunc ad Staveley, *ubi aves*
Melos, modos cantant ſuaves,

Sub

---

* Lanificii gloria, & induſtria ita præcellens, ut eo nomine ſit celeberrimum. *Camd.* Brit.
Pannus mihi Panis. *Mot.*

† Nomine *Major* eas, nec ſis minor omine ſedis,
Competat ut titulo civica Vita novo.

Now to *Kendal*, for * Cloth-making,
Sight, ſite, † Alderman awaking;
Beauteous Damſels, modeſt Mothers,
And her four and twenty Brothers;
Ever in her Honour ſpreading,
Where I had my Native Breeding.
Where, I'll tell you, (while none mind us)
We threw th' Houſe quite out at Windows;
Nought maketh them or me ought ſorry,
They dance lively with *John Dory*:
Holy Brethren, with their Poet
Sing, nor care they much who know it.

Now to *Staveley* ſtrait repair I,
Where ſweet Birds do hatch, their airy
M Arbours,

* A Town ſo highly renown'd for her commodious Clothing, and induſtrious Trading, as her Name is become famous in that kind. *Camb. Brit.*

Cloth is my Bread. *Motto.*

† Now haſt thou chang'd thy Title unto May'r,
Let Life, State, Style, improve thy Charter there.

Sub arbuſtis & virgultis
Molliore maſco fultis :
Cellis, Sylvis, & Tabernis,
An fœliciorem cernis ?

Mirtil.

ESTO Fauſtule! *recumbe,*
Rure tuo carmina funde ;
Vive, vale, profice, creſce,
Arethuſæ *alma meſſe ;*
Tibi Zephyrus *ſub fago*
Dulcitèr afflet. Fauſt.] *Gratias ago.*

AD

Arbours, Oziers freſhly ſhowing,
With ſoft moſſy Rhind o'ergrowing:
For Woods, Air, A L E, all excelling:
Wouldſt thou have a neater Dwelling?

Mirtil.

BE't ſo, *Fauſtulus!* there repoſe thee,
Cheer thy Country with thy Poeſy;
Live, fare well, as thou deſerveſt,
Rich in *Arethuſa*'s Harveſt:
Under th' Beach while Shepherds rank thee
Zephyrus bleſs thee. *Fauſt.*] I do thank thee.

AD

PHILOXENUM.

TE Viatores lepidi Patronum,
Te tuæ dicunt patriæ coronam,
Vatis & vitis roseæ corymbum,
Artis alumum.

Te tuus Vates Lyricis salutat,
Qui fidem nulla novitate mutat,
Nec nova venti levitate nutat,
Fidus ad aras.

TO

TO

PHILOXENUS.

THE pleaſing Waymates titled have their Patron,
Their Country's Glory, which they build their State on,
The Poet's Wine-buſh, which they uſe to prate on,
Art's merry Minion.

In Lyrick Meaſures doth thy Bard ſalute thee,
Who with a conſtant Reſolution ſuits thee,
Nor can ought move me to remove me from thee,
But my Religion.

Efficit egregios nobilis alla viros.

Fœcundi calices quem non fecere diſertum?

Inflatum heſterno venas, ut ſemper, Iaccho,

Si vitulum ſpectes, nihil eſt quod pocula laudes.

BESSIE

The Oil of Malt, and Juice of ſpritely Nectar
Have made my Muſe more valiant than *Hector*.

O'erflowing Cups, whom have they not made
learned?

Full-blown my Veins are, and ſo well they
may,
With brimming Healths of Wine drunk yeſter-
day.

If thou doſt love thy Flock, leave off to Pot.

BESSIE BELL:

Cantio Latinè Verſa, alternis Vicibus & modernis Vocibus decantanda.

Authore *Corymbæo.*

Damætas. Eliza-Bella.

I.

Dam. BEllula Bella, *mi puella,*
Tu me corde tenes,
O ſi clauſa ſimus cella
Mars & Lemnia Venus!

Tanto

Betsy Bell.

BESSY BELL:

To be ſung in altern Courſes and modern Voices.

By Corymbæus.

Damætas. *Eliza-Bella.*

I.

Dam. MY bonny *Bell*, I love thee ſo well,
I would thou wad ſcud alang hither,
That we might here in a Cellar dwell,
And blend our Bows together!

Dear

Tanto mi es, quanti tua res,
Ne ſpectes Bellula *Mundum,*
Non locus eſt cui crimen obeſt
In amoribus ad cœundum.

II.

Bel. *Crede* Damætas, *non finit ætas*
Ferre Cupidinis ignem,
Vir verè lætus intende pecus
Cura & Carmine dignum.
Non amo te, ne tu ames me,
Nam jugo premitur gravi,
Quæcunque nubit & uno cubat,
Nec amo, nec amor, nec amavi.

III.

Dam. *Virginis vita ſit inimica*
Principi, patriæ, proli,
In Orbe ſita ne ſis invita
Sponſa nitidula coli.

Aſpice

Dear art' to me as thy Geer's to thee,
The World will never ſuſpect us,
This Place it is private, 'tis Folly to drive it,
Love's Spies have no Eyes to detect us.

II.

Bell. Truſt me, *Damætas*, Youth will not let us
Yet to be findg'd with Love's Taper,
Bonny blith Swainlin intend thy Lambkin,
To requite both thy Lays and thy Labour.
I love not thee, why ſhould'ſt thou love me?
The Yoke I cannot approve it,
Then lie ſtill with one, I'd rather have none,
Nor I love, nor am lov'd, nor have loved.

III.

Dam. To lead Apes in Hell, it will not do well,
'Tis an Enemy to Procreation,
In the World to tarry, and never to marry,
Would bring it ſoon to Deſolation.

Aſpice vultum numine cultum,
Flore, colore jucundum,
Hic locus eſt, nam lucus adeſt
In amoribus ad cöeundum.

IV.

Bel. *Ah pudet fari, cogor amari,*
Volo, ſed nolo fateri,
Expedit mari lenocinari,
At libet iſta tacere.
Non amo te, quid tu amas me?
Nam jugo premitur gravi
Quæcunque nubit & uno cubat,
Nec amo, nec amor, nec amavi.

V.

Dam. *Candida* Bella, *ſplendida Stella,*
Languida lumina cerne,
Emitte mella Eliza-Bella,
Lentula tædia ſperne.

Mors

See my count'nance merry, cheeks red as Cherry,
This Cover will never ſuſpect us,
This Place it is private, 'tis Folly to drive it,
Love's Spies have no Eyes to detect us.

IV.

Bell. 'Las Maidens muſt feign it, I love, tho' I lain it,
I would, but I will not confeſs it;
My Years are conſorting, and fain would be ſporting,
But Baſhfulneſs ſhames to expreſs it.
I love not thee, why ſhouldſt thou love me?
That Yoke I cannot approve it,
Then lie ſtill with one, I'd rather have none,
Nor I love, nor am lov'd, nor have loved.

V.

Dam. My beauteous *Bell*, who Stars do excel,
See mine Eyes never drys, but do wet me,
Some comfort unbuckle, my ſweet Honyſuckle,
Come away, do not ſtay, I entreat thee.

Delay,

Mors mihi mora, hac ipsâ horâ
Jungamus ora per undam,
Nam locus eſt cui crimen abeſt
In amoribus ad cöeundum.

VI.

Bel. *Perge* Damætas, *nunc pruriit ætaï,*
Me nudam accipe ſolam,
Demitte pecus ſi Bellam *petas,*
Exue virginis ſtolam.
Sic amo te, ſi tu ames me,
Nam jugo premitur ſuavi,
Quæcunque nubit & uno cubat,
Et amo, & amor, & amavi.

FINIS.

Delay would undo me, hie quickly unto me,
This River will never ſuſpect us,
This Place it is private, 'tis Folly to drive it,
Love's Spies have no Eyes to detect us.

VI.

Bell. Come on, *Damætas*, ripe Age doth fit us,
Take aſide thy nak'd Bride, and enjoy her,
So thou cull thy Sweeting, let Flocks fall a bleating,
My Maids Weed on thy Mede I'll beſtow there.
Thus I love thee, ſo do thou love me,
The Yoke is ſo ſweet, I approve it,
To lie ſtill with one, is better than none,
I do love, I am lov'd, and have lov'd it.

The END.

GR. III.
BR. MUS.

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